

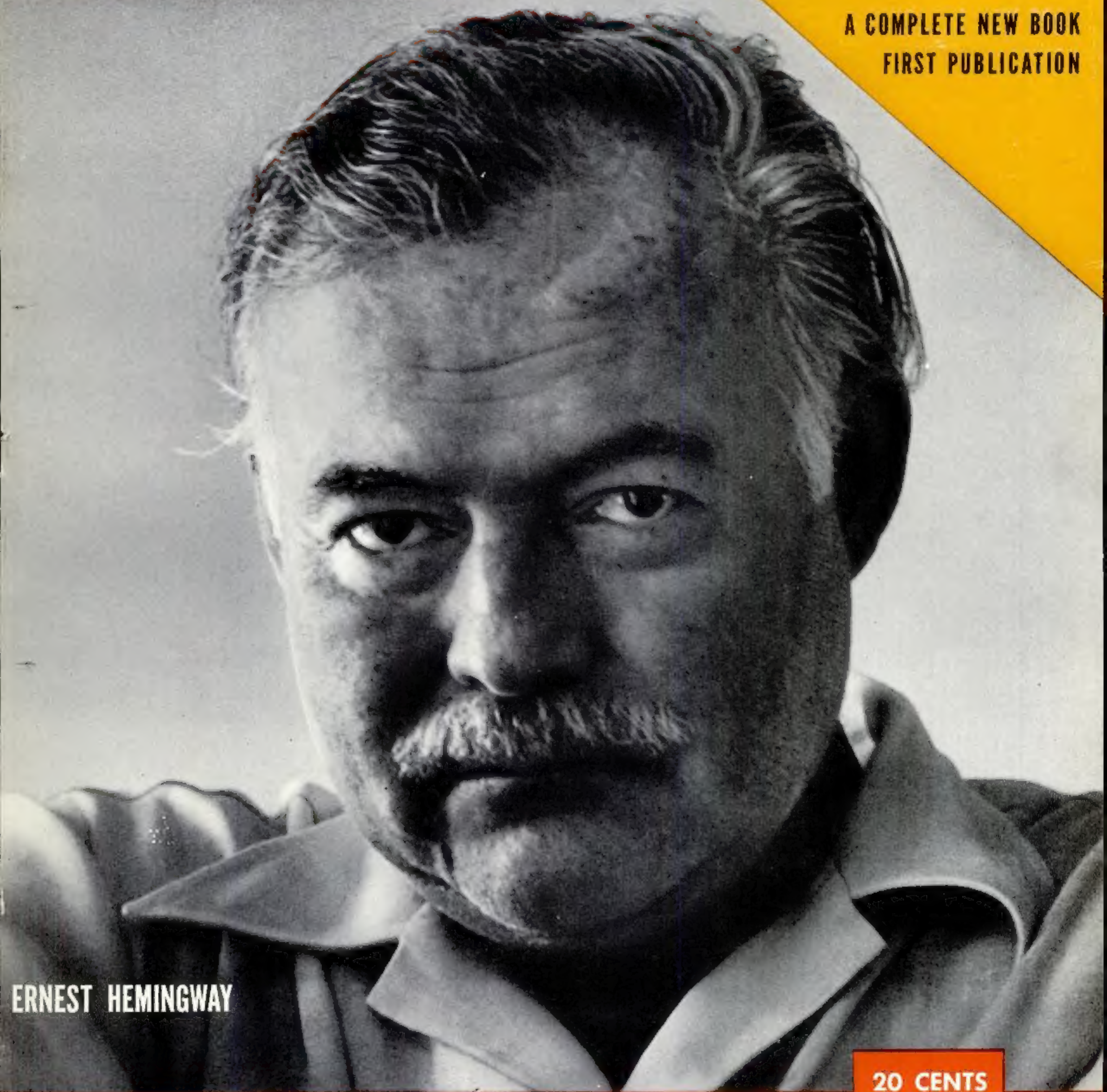
LIFE

AN EXTRA DIVIDEND IN THIS ISSUE

'THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA'

BY HEMINGWAY

A COMPLETE NEW BOOK
FIRST PUBLICATION



ERNEST HEMINGWAY

20 CENTS

SEPTEMBER 1, 1952

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"WALKING THE DOG" is executed by throwing Yo-yo down hard, so that it spins around fast, then letting it hop gently across the floor before hauling it in.



"LOOP THE LOOP" is done by twisting the wrist in a continuous circular motion. Barney Akers, of Huntington, W. Va., holds world's record with 1,269 loops.



HOTIA CREATES BUSTED SPRING EFFECT BY FOUR TRICKS IN SUCCESSION.

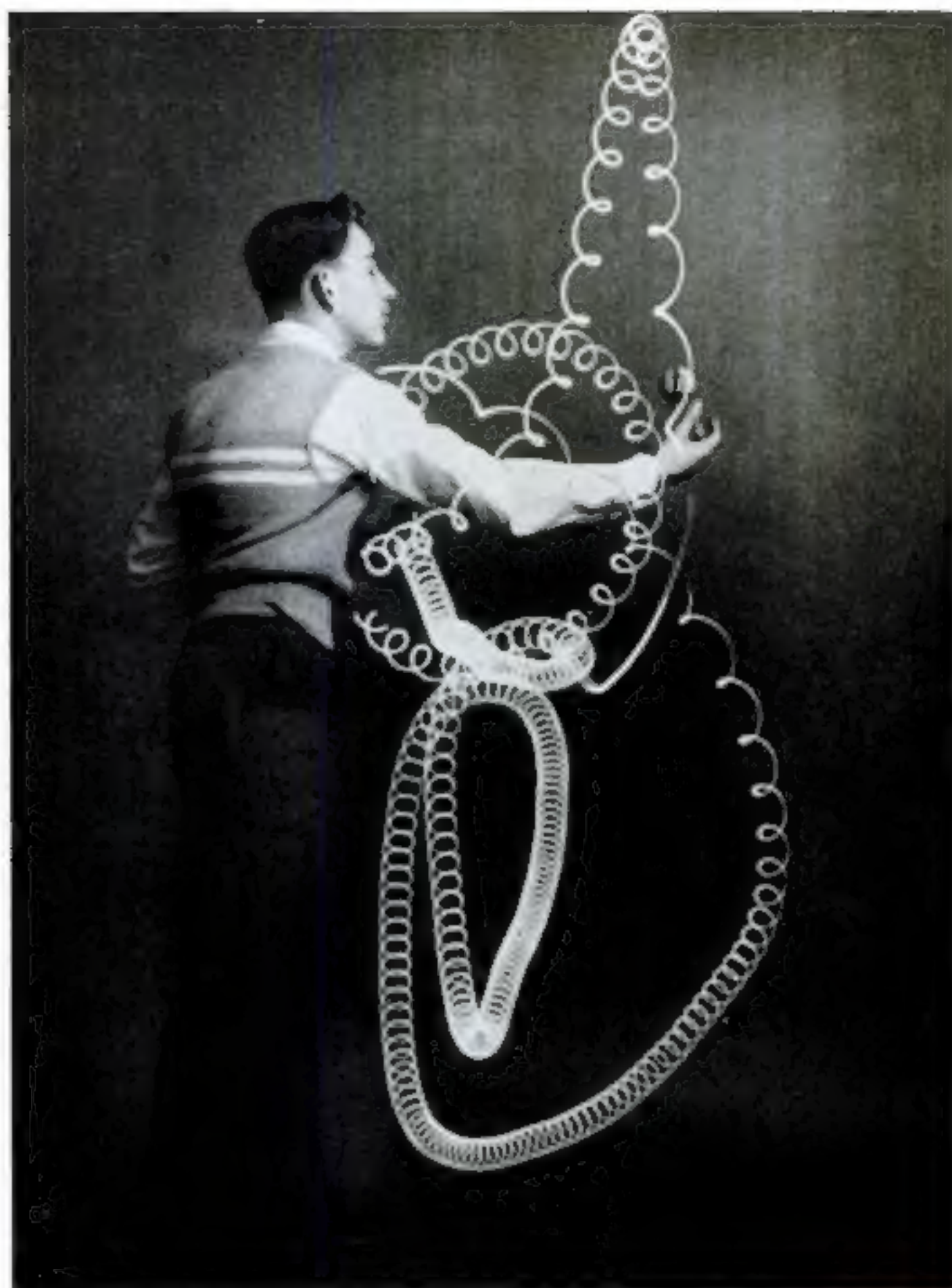
SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

Detroit 15-year-old lights up a Yo-yo to show how an 'old pro' stays on top

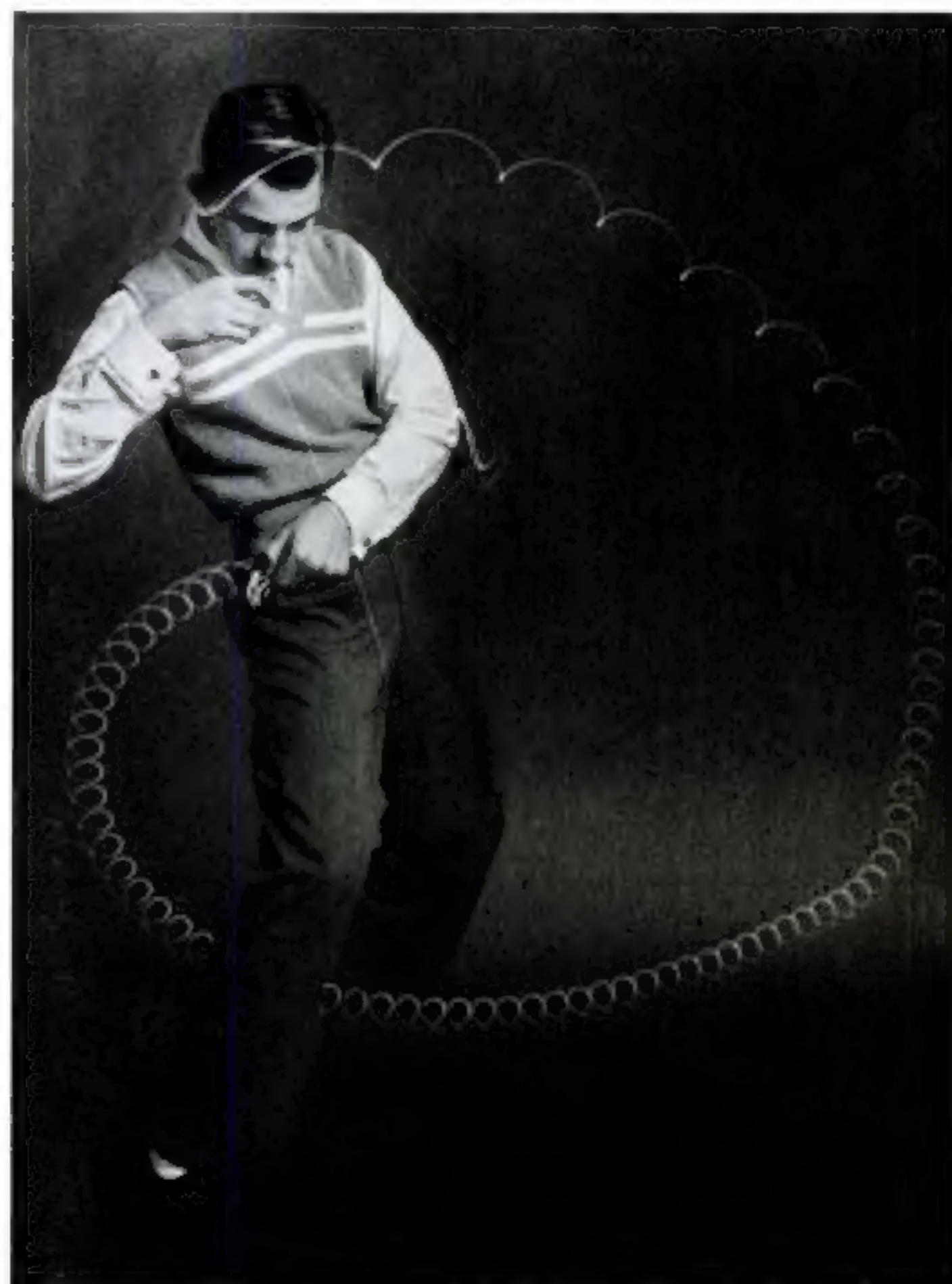


LOOP THE LOOP, PINWHEEL, WALKING THE DOG AND ROUND THE WORLD

When it was invented in the Philippines, the Yo-yo was a simple weapon with which a native perched in a tree could bop a passing leopard cat. When it came to the U.S. in the 1920s, it was a harmless toy which children simply bobbed up and down to amuse themselves. As these photographs by Joe Clark show, the Yo-yo has come a long way from its simple origin. The 1952 model wielded here by 15-year-old John Hotia of Detroit was especially rigged up with a tiny battery and light bulb. As Hotia went through intricate maneuvers in a dark room, Clark opened his camera to record the patterns traced by the light. To perfect this repertoire Hotia practices all summer. Then, during the Yo-yo "season," beginning in September, he works for a Yo-yo manufacturer, performing in front of dime stores. In return he gets all the free Yo-yos he can use.



"ATOMIC BOMB," Hotia's most difficult trick, involves both hands, with the Yo-yo being swung around the player and then up into the air for tower of smoke.



PICKPOCKET is done by a flick of the wrist, which sends the Yo-yo in a flying circle before it lands in either the open pocket of the player or that of a friend.

This One



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

SIAMESE TWINS

Sirs:

Wanted to let you know how very much we enjoyed reading about the Siamese Twins ("Chang-Eng's American Heritage," LIFE, Aug. 11). Incidentally, have there ever been any other such twins?

MRS. M. M. LYON
Raymond, Wash.

● At least 15 of the many sets of Siamese twins born since 1811 (date of Chang-Eng's birth) have lived to attain maturity.—ED.

Sirs:

I am a great-granddaughter of Chang and Adelaide Bunker, and there is another set of twins, identical ones, also aged 11, who are my daughters. (You said that the boys in White Plains, N.C. were the only twins in the Bunker family today.)

My father is the son of Mary Bunker, daughter of Chang and Adelaide and my middle name is Adelaide after my great-grandmother.

MRS. JOHN REEDER
Hailey, Idaho



BONNIE, MOTHER AND CONNIE

LIFE OF THE BEE

Sirs:

Let's have more like your splendid article "The Life of the Bee" (LIFE, Aug. 11).

But, pity the poor worker bee! Why must it commit suicide on its first attempt to defend the colony? Other insects in the same order, like the bumble bee, the hornet, and the yellow jacket, have similar means of protection, yet they need not make the supreme sacrifice.

A. C. BAUCHER
President

Elizabethtown College
Elizabethtown, Pa.

● Having stingers without barbs on them, hornets and yellow jackets can sting once, fly away, live to sting another day.—ED.

Sirs:

I have always liked bees and I must say I love honey, but I am afraid it will take me a long time to forget the dead mouse inside the hive.

E. LINDSEY RUSSELL
New York, N.Y.

● If a corpse is too big for removal from the hive, bees do the next best thing: they neatly mummify it in a dark, waxy kind of bee glue obtained from tree and plant gums.—ED.

THE OLYMPIC LOOK

Sirs:

We liked your story on the Olympics (LIFE, Aug. 11) because we too had a winner in 18-year-old Milton Campbell, Plainfield High School student who placed second to Bob Mathias in the decathlon.

August 12 was "Milt Campbell Day" in Plainfield; we welcomed him home with ceremonies at City Hall, motorcade and a luncheon in his honor. Tom Williams, chairman of the citizens' group which raised funds to send him to the try-outs in California, presented him with a 28-inch trophy (below).



Milt said: "One thing I learned in Helsinki was an Olympic motto stating that the important thing is not in winning but in taking part . . . not conquering but performing well. For the first time, at Helsinki, I entered a meet with a prayer that God would have the best man win. And the best man did win—Bob Mathias, a great and wonderful guy."

ROBERT M. READ
Plainfield, N.J.

FAREWELL TO EVA

Sirs:

Your story, "Grief for Eva Enshrouds Argentina" (LIFE, Aug. 11), was most disgusting. She helped her people not toward bankruptcy, as you say, but toward a better life. As for totalitarianism, what's wrong with it?

GEORGE DOMINO
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

My confidence in your reportorial impartiality was splendidly reaffirmed by your coverage of Eva Perón's death. If I remember correctly, two of LIFE's staffers were given quite a roughing-up a couple of years ago by Argentine

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

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E—E-Z 2-piece pull-over sleeper with EZ-ON® neck, gripper waist and self-help elastic back. In pastel colors. Sizes 1 to 4, 1.89

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(right) Fitted doll-waist coat with contrasting velvet collar and cuffs. Cocoa, green, wine and red. About \$25

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

goon-squads, and this would have been as good an opportunity as any for LIFE to get even.

Yet neither exaggerating her virtues, nor excusing her misdemeanors, LIFE capsuled the tragic story of "the poor girl of the pampas," and provided an index to her whole personality with one strangely beautiful phrase, by terming her "the charming child with the loaded gun."

ARTHUR L. NORTH

Fordham University
New York, N.Y.

RED CROSS CONFERENCE

Sirs:

We are particularly grateful that in "Reds Cross Up the Red Cross," (Aug. 11) LIFE has unequivocally aligned "the exiles from Iron Curtain satellites like Poland," shown protesting the seating of the Reds at this conference, with the champions of the free world. For the benefit of our membership will you please identify the unnamed Free Poland delegate shown addressing the conference?

CHARLES ALLAN BARETSKI

American Council of Polish
Cultural Clubs, Inc.
Newark, N.J.

• He was Boleslaw Palka.—ED.

TV AND POLITICS

Sirs:

I challenge the biased statement in your editorial, "The Eyes Have It" (LIFE, Aug. 11), that Senator Dirksen's appearance on TV frightened little children and grownup delegates.

For eloquence and delivery, he is without parallel. As an orator, he is a virtual tiger. As for his appearance, he eclipsed them all.

R. B. ATCHISON

Windsor, N.Y.



G.O.P. TIGER AT LUNCHEON

MIDDLE EAST POLICY

Sirs:

Your editorial on the Middle East ("The Bystander Is Too Innocent," LIFE, Aug. 11) has aroused hope in the hearts of all in the Arab world who have seen it. LIFE has shown the way to a positive workable United States policy in this vital part of the world.

C. B. SQUIRE
Editor

The Daily Star
Beirut, Lebanon

Sirs:

For the most part your editorials give me a big pain in the neck, but this one was so honest it was refreshing.

LEONARD BOCOUR

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I hold no brief for Acheson, but he is definitely more realistic in respect to England and France than your

idealistic editorialist. . . Remember that we embittered the Dutch but did not make friends of the Indonesians.

In the same way we may lose the two remaining great European powers and yet not win the Middle East.

D. H. ADLER

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I, for one, was delighted to read your editorial.

As an Iranian, I know my fellow citizens consider the successful nationalization of the oil industry tied up with their survival as a nation.

MANSOOR K. HAGHAMI

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have just laid aside with disgust "The Bystander Is Too Innocent." Part one rings like tin. Part two chastises a Point Four employee for his huge liquor bill, remarking irrelevantly that such sums would feed a Lebanese village for a month. What Aly Khan plans to spend on horses and entertainment on his current trip to the U.S. would feed all the villages of Lebanon for a month.

You cry for "the old Boston Tea Party spirit," but what policy would LIFE advocates were Ibn Saud to nationalize Aramco?

What was your attitude when Mexico nationalized its oil? Did you not encourage a worldwide boycott? "Let him who is without sin. . ."

JOHN WILLIAM MARCHINGTON

La Cave, Ont., Canada

COVER GIRL

Sirs:

Your Joan Rice (LIFE, Aug. 11) greatly resembles the picture of Miss Elizabeth Caputo of Brooklyn. Don't you think?

ROSE MANFREDI

New York, N.Y.



MISS RICE

MISS CAPUTO

Sirs:

As a regular "borrower reader," this week I find myself a bona fide purchaser. The reason? Your cover—Joan Rice!

LIEUT. ROBERT M. COLLINS

Fort Lee, Va.

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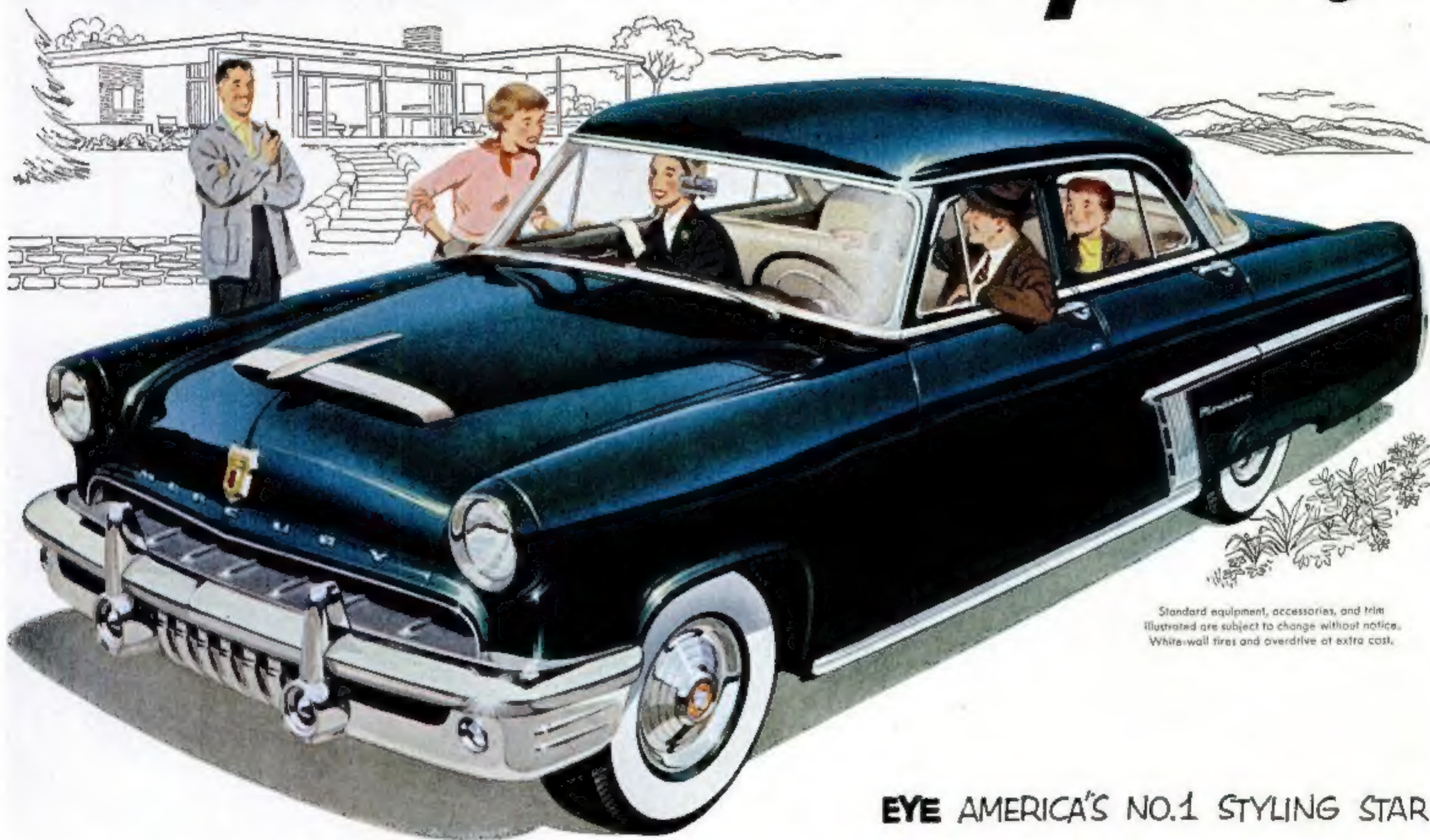
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But the list is *so* long! So, all we say is, take your *own* word for it. There's a car waiting for you to try at your Mercury dealer's. Why not stop in today—and step out for your own private test run!

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IMAGES, VERBAL AND PHOTOGRAPHIC

Not long ago a member of our staff was introduced at a party as a "LIFE writer." His new acquaint-
ance cocked an eyebrow and said: "How interest-
ing—only the other day I met a photographer from
Reader's Digest." Our man took this in good part.
He recognized it as a real—if jocular—tribute to
LIFE's successful practice of a form of journalism
which makes the maximum use of pictures in tell-
ing about the world and what goes on in it.

But we do consider words very important and,
as no faithful reader needs to be reminded, LIFE
prints a great many of them. The current issue is
the most striking example the editors can remem-
ber of how both words and pictures can be used to
make the reader see and behold. We feel, of course,
that a photograph, supplemented by exactly the
right words, can often communicate a situation to
the reader faster, more accurately and more vivid-
ly than any other means. But once in a while words
alone can paint pictures in the reader's mind that
the camera cannot capture.

This is by way of saying that we think Ernest
Hemingway's 27,000-word book, *The Old Man and
the Sea* (pp. 34-54), will be one of the most pic-
torial experiences you've ever had.

Elsewhere you will find other stories that show

what pictures can do. We doubt that anyone could
have conveyed in words the terror, the deep and
haunting atmosphere or the heroism to be found
in the photographs of the recent tragedy in the
French cave (pp. 11-17). A completely different
sort of experience is communicated by Gjon Mili's
majestic photographic essay on New York's Morn-
ingside Heights (pp. 70-77).

Back in 1937, when LIFE was not yet a year old,
Henry R. Luce, editor of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE,
predicted that the photograph would be useful in
"correcting that really inherent evil in journalism
which is its unbalance between the good news and
the bad." The Mili story is an example of how
satisfying good news can be—with his mental cam-
era focused by a great photographer, the reader
personally visits America's "Acropolis."

There is pleasant news, too, in the fact that
women can now buy fine woolly fabrics that don't
cost a fortune to keep clean (pp. 65-69), and final-
ly there is a picture on page 84 which fully de-
scribes the illusive state known as "contentment."
We don't think anybody could beat this picture
with words, any more than we think anyone could
photograph the poignant paintings of the human
spirit you will find in the Hemingway book.

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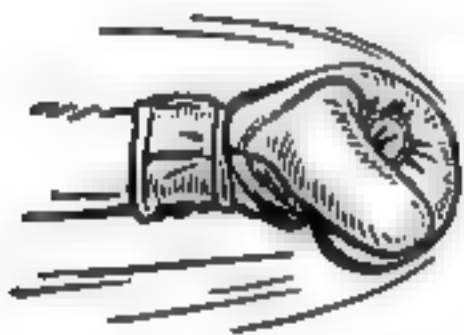
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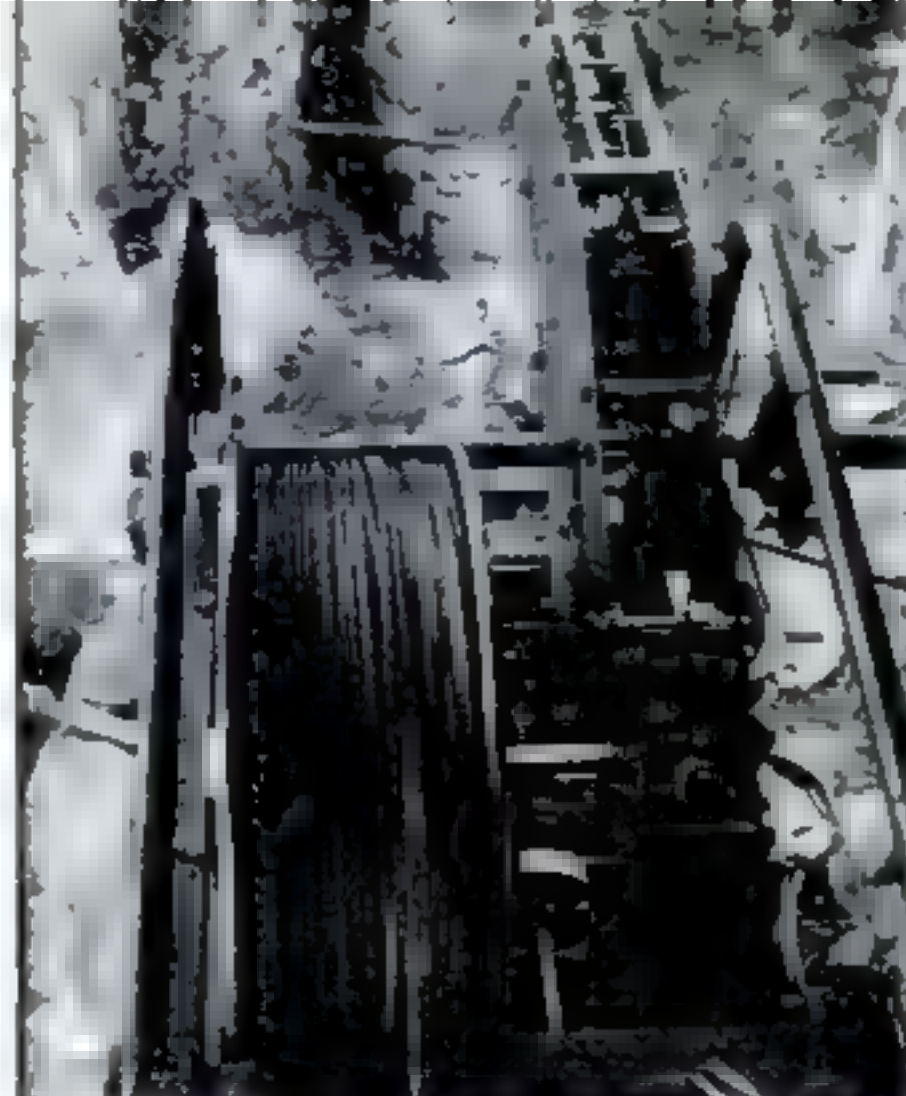
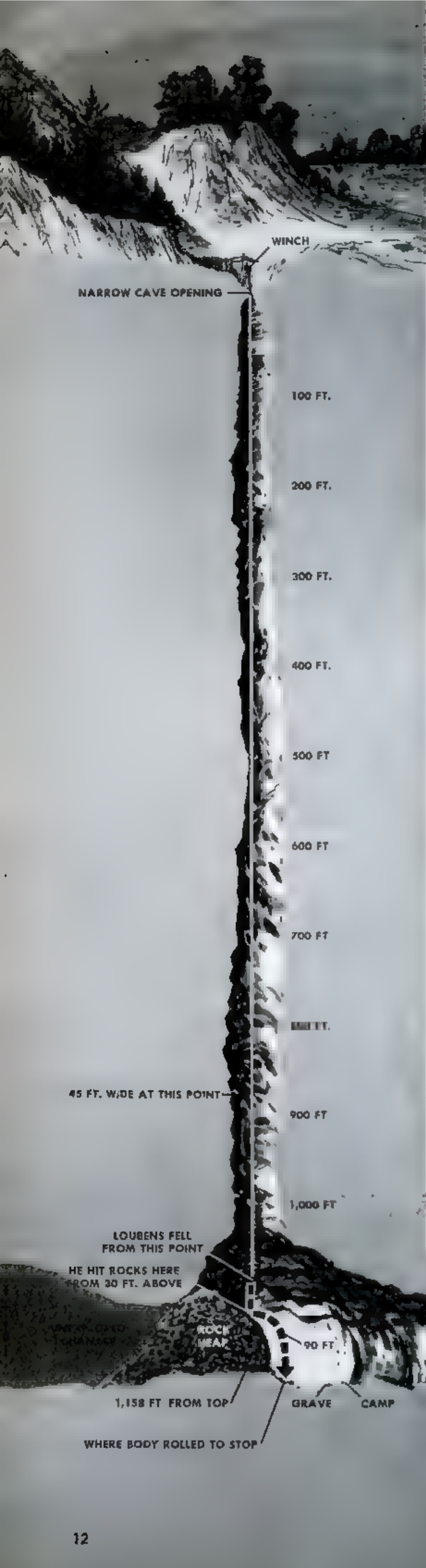
TRAGEDY IN THE EARTH

The peculiarly human urge to see the unseen and go where no one has gone before has often brought brave men to strange and forbidding places. It drives divers into the deep and climbers to the highest peaks. But in the whole courageous company of explorers there are none more haunted by this dangerous compulsion than the speleologists, the men who venture into the silent, sunless galleries of the subterranean world. Here, in terrible solitude, they risk their lives among falling rocks, rushing cataracts, hidden precipices and labyrinthine passages where one wrong turn may lead to madness and starvation.

Speleology (or "spelunking") is primarily an avocation. As such, it lures men from their families and normal occupations. To 29-year-old Marcel Loubens, father, small businessman and summer spelunker, the lure has always been irresistible. Last month he told his wife that he had a date with some friends 1,000 feet underground and set off for the little village of Ste. Engrâce in the Pyrenees. There he joined the Belgian physicist Max Cosyns and the French explorer Norbert Casteret, deans of Europe's mole men, who had recruited a party to investigate the caverns of Pierre St. Martin which lay beneath the nearby mountains. The entrance to these caverns, explored briefly by Loubens the year before, was a narrow passage 1,158 feet deep, the deepest natural shaft ever descended by man. Loubens was the first to go down. Dangling helplessly at the end of a thin steel cable, he was slowly lowered by an electric winch. As he inched downward, spinning and bobbing in the echoing darkness of the abyss, bits of rocks clattered on his protective helmet and chill rivulets poured down on him from the trickling walls. A more timid man might have sensed in the dangers of the descent some warning of what was to come. But tough-minded Spelunker Loubens felt only satisfaction when at last he stood on the floor of the cave, only a few yards from the spot where, four days later, he would lie broken and dying.

THE DEAD EXPLORER lies on the cave floor. His arm was set, his head was encased in helmet and

he was lashed to stretcher in hope that he would be lifted to the surface by cable, but death intervened.



BALKY WINCH was mounted on edge of a ravine opposite cave entrance (dark hole in background).



PACKAGES of equipment are unwrapped by Loubens. Plastic envelopes helped keep out moisture.



A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS, created by a blazing magnesium flare, illumines the vast boulder-

strewn expanse of the Salle Elizabeth Casteret. Loubens stands beside the subterranean



MESSENGER from above is assisted by Loubens. He delivered needed supplies, returned to surface.



EXPLORING, Loubens uses a portable rope ladder to make his way down dangerously steep incline.



COLORING RIVER, Loubens dumps fluorescent powder into water so that its course can be traced.



dye was placed (above, right), watching the green-tinged water vanish through a hole in the rock floor.



CAMP IN THE CAVE was complete with tent, cots and a portable stove. Tent was too small to

house all four of the expedition's members, some of whom slept outside in waterproof sleeping bags.

BEFORE THE ACCIDENT: FOUR DAYS OF UNDERGROUND EXPLORATION

Safely arrived at the bottom of the shaft, Loubens set out methodically to prepare for the exploration that was to occupy the last days of his life. He called the surface by field telephone to say that all was well and went looking for a camp site. A few hours later he was joined by Haroun Tazieff, expedition photographer, who took most of the pictures on pages 11—15. The two set up a small tent as protection against the damp cold of the cave. The following day,

Sunday, Aug. 10, Jacques Labeyrie came down to help with preliminary exploration. On Monday, while Labeyrie waited for the fourth man, Bernard Occhialini, to descend, Loubens and Tazieff made their way into the second chamber, named "Salle Elizabeth Casteret" in honor of their leader's dead wife. After hours of uneventful crawling, they returned, discouraged.

The following morning the party explored a stream running through the Salle Casteret, and

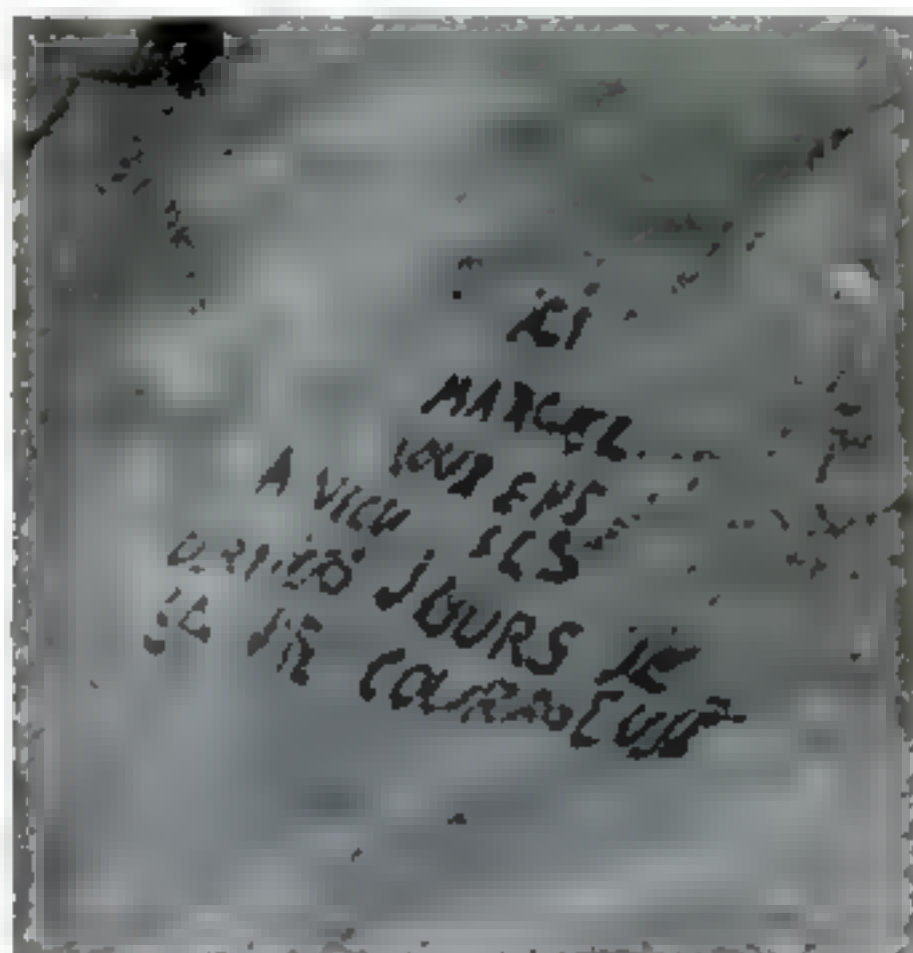
poured dye into it in the hope of later finding its outlet. In doing so they found a new opening, which seemed to lead into another chamber. Too tired to go farther they returned to camp, where Loubens phoned the men above that he would come up the next day. At 9 a.m. Wednesday, as the cable lifted him from the cave floor, he waved a cheerful goodbye to his three friends. What happened then is shown in the diagram at left and on the following pages.



GRIEVING FATHER sits on the bumper of car at Ste. Foy, waiting for radio news of his son's fate. He has learned that doctor is in the cave, but that hopes of his son's coming out alive are slim.



CHIPPING ROCK, O'Connell takes turn in engraving name, date and simple cross on Loubens' tomb.



INSCRIPTION in lamp black says, "Here Marcel Loubens lived the last days of his courageous life."

Tragedy CONTINUED



PHONING THE NEWS of Loubens' fall, Labeyrie describes his condition, gets advice from doctor.

EYEWITNESS TELLS

During Marcel Loubens' trip toward the surface, the accident occurred which cost him his life. The events that took place then and later are described by Haroun Tazieff, who saw them happen.

"As Loubens starts up" Tazieff writes, "Labeyrie and I climb up the rocks behind him to take pictures, laughing and joking. When he gets 30 feet in the air he calls the surface crew to stop the winch. Then he shouts, 'I can't light the torch, I'm under a cascade of water.' I ask him to try again. Suddenly I hear him cry out, a short sharp 'unhhh.' His helmet lamp traces his fall as he crashes to the rocks. In a second he is somersaulting past me. He rolls to the bottom of the rock pile and lies still. Labeyrie and I run to him. He is unconscious. Carefully, we turn him over. A small trickle of blood comes from his nose and mouth.

"We do not want to move him, but he is lying directly under the entrance shaft and is in danger of falling rocks. We move him to safe ground. Labeyrie calls the winch crew on the telephone and tells them Loubens is hurt. They put Dr. Mairey [the expedition doctor] on the phone. He tells us not to move him again, and to keep him warm. He will come down as soon as he can.

"It is about 11:30 a.m. Hours go by and no Mairey. Loubens lies at our feet breathing like a steam engine. We cover him with sleeping bags and wipe the foam from his lips. In the great dampness the 40° cold seems much



FAMILY PICTURES showing Loubens' wife and son were sent below to be placed upon his grave.



PLASMA BOTTLES and cotton pads lie discarded on cave floor after Loubens' useless transfusions.

HOW LOUBENS DIED

colder. Still no one comes, and now the phone wire is dead.

"We take turns sleeping. But not until 10 o'clock the next morning (Wednesday) does Mairey reach bottom. 'He is finished,' he told us, 'but we are going to try the impossible.' For an hour he administers plasma. But it is useless. At 10:25 that night Loubens is dead. It would be madness to risk more lives to get a dead man out, so we decide to bury him in the cave. But first we sleep.

"Friday, Aug. 15. We clear a space and carry Loubens to it, stretcher and all. In his white helmet he looks like a knight of the Middle Ages. We cover him with netting, a cloth, then gravel and boulders.

"Saturday, Aug. 16. Labeyrie goes up. Now we must crack jokes and sing to keep from going a little crazy.

"Sunday, Aug. 17. To prove that the cave has not defeated us, Mairey and I explore the opening Loubens discovered. We find a huge new vault and a passage that may lead to wonderful new galleries. Then I go up. The winch jams again, and I hang for two hours, 210 feet from the bottom, in a cascade of water. I cannot describe those hours. When they finally haul me out of the cave I can hardly crawl. Then the winch breaks down again, and poor Mairey must spend another night below, alone with Loubens' body. Not until Monday afternoon do we finally bring him up. I think Mairey will go spelunking again. I think I shall not."



BURYING HIS FRIEND, Dr. Mairey rolls heavy boulder pried from the cave floor to the stretcher

on which Loubens lies trussed and bandaged. After 20 hours of work, the four men completed his tomb.



WAITING TO GO UP, Dr. Mairey and Occhialini sit forlornly in littered camp. Labeyrie has already reached the surface. Occhialini will be the next man up.



GLEAMING CROSS, improvised on the spot, was made from a sheet of tin, painted with a fluorescent substance, which had once been a marker in the cave.



SURVIVORS EMERGE many hours apart—the first Labeyrie (*upper left*), then Occhialini (shown with wife

at *upper right*), then Tazieff, too weak to walk (*lower left*) and finally Dr. Mairey, exhausted and despondent.



LAST RITES were conducted near the shaft entrance. Loubens' father (arms folded, *upper left*) stands with

expedition's members and their wives. Commemorative sign (*left*), states that Loubens fell on the field of honor.





SILENT WATCHERS, shepherd- who tend their flocks in the high passes, look down, grim faced, on the mourners assembled for the funeral. Before the

ceremony began entrance to cave was blocked with a tree trunk to keep others from venturing into the tragic place which has become Marcel Loubeus' tomb.



In Richmond high school, Nancy Hawkins (at far left) was friendly, quiet.



She was a prancing majorette when Richmond "Red Devils" played other teams.

Graduation picture showed a pretty brunette, a little on the plump side.



SCRAPBOOK OF A GIRL FROM

Nancy Hawkins grew up in Quakerish, small (pop. 40,000) Richmond, Ind. In high school she was quiet, friendly and a moderately good student. She was also fond of music, playing in the high-school orchestra, helping to lead the school band as a drum majorette and, as the daughter of the owner of a small grocery, singing on Sundays in the Baptist choir. Presently, before she was 20 years old, she left Richmond and went to New York for the career that the city was supposed to offer. For a

while television interested her, she took night-school classes in speech. But Nancy also had to eat, so, pretty and shapely. She got a job as a hat-check girl in one of Manhattan's glamour spots, El Morocco. She also found occasional work as model for a cloak-and-suit company. Thus, as can happen with pretty small-town girls, she was exposed to the excitement of the air-conditioned, double-Martined melting pot of sinners, saints and celebrities which every gossip column reader knows as Cafe Society.

Sometimes a girl who thinks she is ambitious discovers that success on the stage or in TV or high-fashion modeling requires harder work, greater patience and more ability than she feels should be expected of anyone as cute as she is. She realizes that if she wants to take advantage of them there are quicker avenues to money and the other hallmarks of Cafe Society success: clothes and well-heeled admirers (often introduced only by telephone) who are eager to pay well for a nightclubbing evening.



In New York, she soon had photos as an El Morocco cigaret girl.



Later, holder photo shows her posing for picture in a "romance" magazine.



For a lurid crime.



Turned blond, she prophetically posed as a prisoner for Confidential magazine.

RICHMOND, INDIANA

and quite lavishly for the rest of the night. Only when such admirers run low may the girl again revert briefly to TV "bits" or a little unambitious, usually awkward modeling at \$10 an hour for cheesecake magazines.

Last week New York's investigation into high-priced and highly placed vice, touched off by the arrest of Oleo Heir Minot Frazier Jelke as a procurer of call girls for hundreds of dollars a night (LIFE, Aug. 25), had scooped up 11 others, most of them pretty young girls. One

was Nancy Hawkins, held as a material witness. The prisoners wept and hid their faces. Then, as did Nancy (right), they faced the news cameras and said that it just wasn't so. The district attorney, busy taking them before a closed-door grand jury, grimly said he could prove it was. But whoever was right would presumably be decided in one of the city's less glamorous gathering places: a New York criminal court, which was a long way from the smart midtown bistros—and Richmond, Ind.



A GREAT AMERICAN STORYTELLER

FREEDOM OR POISON

Some men escape totalitarian government; millions of others, not so fortunate, are dragged off by it. About 20,000 get out from behind the Iron Curtain every month. The desperation which drives these people to attempt these perilous escapes is illustrated by the following true story.

A Latvian artist named Sigismund Vidbergs, who finally reached the U.S. after living under two Russian occupations, was planning to escape with his family from Latvia in 1944. Aware that the Russians would torture them if they were caught, he went into a Riga drugstore, and the following dialog—conducted as calmly as though he were buying corn plasters—ensued:

"Give me some poison."

"I'm sorry, we're all sold out. I have only strychnine, and that's not very good. Oh, wait a minute. I think I can help you. For how many people do you need it?"

"Eight." The pharmacist went into the back room and returned shortly with eight capsules in a little box. "These will do it," he said.

"What do I owe you?"

"Nothing. We don't charge for this."

DON'T LET THEM TAKE IT AWAY

Four zoo-reared timber wolves were recently released on remote, wooded Isle Royale in Lake Superior off Northern Michigan. The idea was for the wolves to hear the call of the wild, go back to nature and combat the threatened extinction of their species. However, instead of howling off into the wilderness, according to the dictates of wildlife fiction, the wolves hung around the resort area of the island and raided garbage cans. This is a featherbed age: even timber wolves from the zoo insist that they never had it so good.

This week LIFE has the honor of publishing Ernest Hemingway's latest work, *The Old Man and the Sea* (pp. 34-54). Hemingway is unquestionably one of the major writers of the 20th Century. Novels like *A Farewell to Arms* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, stories like *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *The Killers* have made his place in modern world literature secure. During his career, which goes back almost 30 years, he has written many fine things, but in our belief he never wrote anything finer than this latest work.

It is always exciting to follow the career of a good young writer who gives promise of becoming great. Viewed in retrospect, the dizzy decade of the 1920s may have had its faults, but one of its most worthwhile features was the excitement of following the good young American writers. People were reading and eagerly discussing the new Scott Fitzgerald, the new John Dos Passos and the new Ernest Hemingway, all of whom were about the same age and hard at work.

Although you might have loved them when they came out, today you couldn't read Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise* or Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers* without snickering: rereading them in the light of now, you realize that the boys hadn't quite yet hit their strides. But with the short story collection, *In Our Time*, his first book to be published in this country, Hemingway landed running. It is still an exciting book to read, for one of the most remarkable aspects of his work is its durability. Hemingway is a rewarding writer to return to, for you are apt to find beauties in his work you did not notice before or were too young to appreciate.

In Our Time was a financial failure—as most short story collections, particularly first ones, are—but a critical success, because virtually everybody who read it made the identical criticism, to wit: "Wow!" Here was a tremendously sensitive writer, who was not only a superb storyteller with an arresting slant to his telling and a purity and freshness of style, but who had invented his own unique prose rhythm. This was an author to keep an eye on; he would be heard from, surely.

For once in American literature, the wow-sayers turned out to be right. Upon re-examination, we find in *In Our Time* the seeds of much that Hemingway was to write about later: war, embittered veterans, love in a military hospital between a nurse and a patient, childbirth with tragic consequences, fishing, a sensuous feeling for the outdoors, bullfighting. Hemingway kept right on running. Within the next five years, and before he was 30, he had written *Men Without Women*, an even better collection of short stories, and two novels, *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*. The suspense in waiting for the next instalment of *Farewell*

to come out in Scribner's magazine was the most unbearable.

By now the American book-buying public had discovered Hemingway (*Farewell* sold 93,000 copies in the depths of the Depression), but, as often happens to successful writers, he began to be assailed by certain critics, members of the intelligentsia and lesser writers envious of his success. In many a crowded saloon there comes a time when some drunk feels an irresistible urge to swing on the biggest man at the bar. At the bar of current American literature, Hemingway has often suffered from this complex of our literary barflies.

Although innumerable improvers have done their best, it is a waste of time to try to make Ernest Hemingway over. He will live and work exactly as he thinks fit. Like an impervious old umpire he will just go on calling them as he sees them.

As he wrote in *Death in the Afternoon*, "The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world, if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it."

Perhaps the critics finally realized the futility of attempting to change Hemingway. That would explain the savagery with which in 1950 they attacked his first book in 10 years. *Across the River and into the Trees* was certainly not one of his most successful efforts, but it hardly deserved the relish with which his critics and detractors put the boots to him when he was down.

Hemingway has always been preoccupied by courage or the lack of it. The men he writes about have led dangerous lives. Being a great writer is also dangerous and needs courage. After the terrible beating he took on *Across the River*, Hemingway up and wrote *The Old Man and the Sea*. It is, as Somerset Maugham wrote to the editors of LIFE, "vintage Hemingway." It is a tragedy, but it tells of the nobility of man. Hemingway's work may be disaster-haunted, but his heroes face up to disaster nobly. If he has influenced any of the twisted young men now writing fiction, he hasn't influenced them enough in this respect.

It is often highbrow practice to find symbolism in Hemingway's work. *The Old Man and the Sea* seems perfect to us as it stands; but for those who like a little symbolism, we have tried to deduce some. Perhaps the old man is Hemingway himself, the great fish is this great story and the sharks are the critics. Symbolism won't match up to real life here though; there is absolutely nothing the sharks can do to this marlin.



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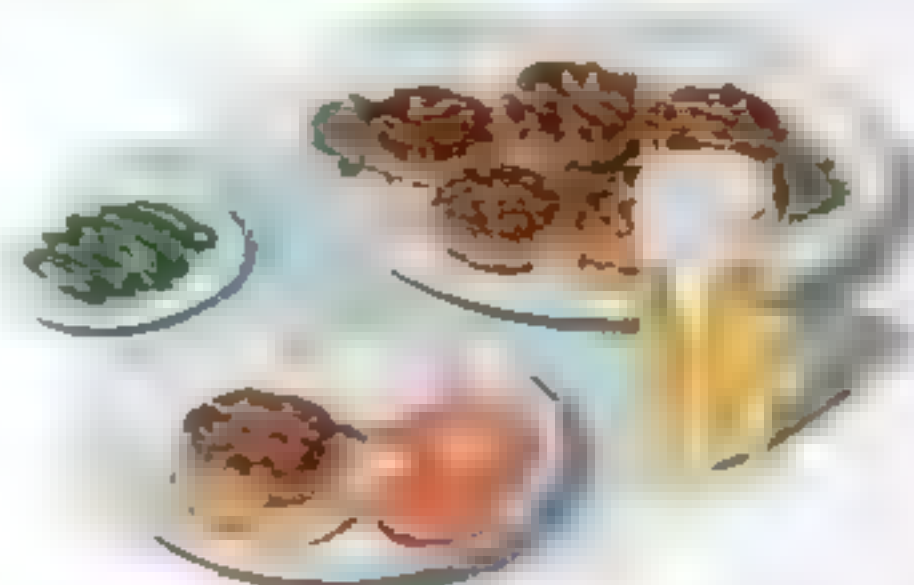
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FIRMLY CLASPING THE NOTES HE HAD PERSONALLY PREPARED, IKE BOWS HEAD IN PRAYER AT BOISE MEETING

FIRST NOTES IN A CAMPAIGN

The 1952 presidential campaign began formally last week when Republican Candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower faced 19,000 people at Idaho's state capitol in Boise. In his first all-out campaign speech, Ike made news by disregarding the cautious practice of some candidates, scrapping his prepared text and talking from his own hand-lettered notes (above).

"The great problem is to take the straight road down the middle," he said. Any other course, he added, might lead to tyranny. And then Eisenhower took one of his strongest cracks yet at the Administration. "We have had for a long time a government that applies the philosophy of the left—a government that does everything but wash dishes for the housewife."

Two days later at a press conference in Denver, just before packing up his headquarters there, the candidate answered the toughest political question yet asked of him. Would he support Wisconsin Senator Joe McCarthy, who once assailed Ike's old superior General Marshall as little better than a traitor? Replied Ike: "It is impossible for me to give blanket support to anyone who holds views that would violate my conception of what is decent, right, just and fair." He conceded that if McCarthy were renominated he would support him "as a member of the Republican organization." It was plain from what he said and how he said it that Joe could look for little real help from the Republican presidential candidate.

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LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS

Malenkov shows class in Stalin Heir Sweepstakes

Dispatches poured out of Russia last week in full flood, making everyone wonder what was brewing behind the curtain. Red China's Premier and Foreign Minister Chou En-lai arrived in Moscow to discuss such problems as the Korean war and a Communist policy for Japan. But the news of his visit was almost smothered under the announcement that Russia's 19th Communist Party Congress will meet in Moscow in October—the first such meeting since 1939. There the party will be reorganized, eliminating the Politburo and the Orgburo and replacing them with a single body, an immensely powerful "Presidium" which will probably include the same men. The congress will also adopt the terms of the Soviet's fifth Five-Year Plan which sets a back-breaking goal of 70% increased over-all industrial production by the end of 1955. But of all the plans announced for the meeting of the congress by far the most interesting to the Western world was the fact that Georgi Maximilianovich Malenkov will take over Stalin's old role and deliver the Central Committee's report laying down the party line on domestic and foreign policy. A round-faced man of 50, he started as Stalin's secretary and is now his right-hand man within the party organization. Malenkov still has three rivals for Stalin's mantle—Lavrenti Beria, who controls the security services; Vyacheslav Molotov, who has the support of the Soviet bureaucracy; and Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, who has the support of the army. All four men are key Stalin deputies, all four have sat side by side with the premier at important meetings and stood near him at important Soviet functions. But the world has begun to believe that the one with the inside track is now the fat-checked man who next month will tell what Russia believes and what Russia wants.



BEFORE THE SUPREME SOVIET, FRONT: BULGANIN AND STALIN
BACK ROW: MALENKOV, BERIA AND MOLOTOV

* * *

In the town of São Carlos, Brazil, a 38-year-old Negro laundress named Maria Albano gave birth to a girl at 5 in the afternoon. In the next three hours she had four more girl babies—each of them weighing less than three pounds, all of them apparently healthy. The Albano girls were the third set of quintuplets (after the Dionnes of Canada and the Diligentis of Argentina) known to have survived birth. The quints were rushed from the poverty-stricken Albano home to the glistening São Paulo hospital and placed in incubators, but within 48 hours two of them died.

McCormick bolts the G.O.P.

When the Chicago Tribune's editor and publisher Colonel Robert McCormick found that Eisenhower supporters "want the continuation of the Marshall Plan, with money going to Europe and mink coats coming back," he bolted the G.O.P. and recommended the founding of a new American party. "I can see no benefit," said McCormick, whose grandfather helped found the Republican party a century ago, "in changing 'Me, Too' Dewey for 'I, Too' Ike," and he dismissed Stevenson as "the nominee of the C.I.O." He hoped his new American party would nominate candidates in 1956, and in the meantime he told "every patriot" to vote against Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and vote for senators like Harry Byrd, John Bricker and Joe McCarthy.

OF THE WORLD

and New Jersey attempts to deodorize its pigs



NEW JERSEY PIGS GET DEODORIZED BY A CHEMICAL SPRAY

New Jersey citizens have been so appalled by the smell of Secaucus' 50,000 pigs that Governor Driscoll warned the pig farmers to get rid of the smell or face state action. Last week the farmers tried. Three thousand pigs were sprayed with a chemical deodorant which is harmless to animals and humans and will, the owner predicted, make off-fending pigs smell "like night-blooming jasmine."

Democrats get signals mixed

Adlai Stevenson tried to spend a peaceful vacation in Minocqua, Wis., but while he was away President Truman stirred up a fuss for him. Stevenson had written the *Oregon Journal* that he would do his best to "clean up the mess in Washington" and that he had no commitments "to anyone about anything—including President Truman." The President informed a press conference that he hadn't heard of any mess in Washington. Furthermore, said the President, "I am the key of the campaign," and "the Democratic party has to run on the record of the Roosevelt-Truman administration, and that is all it can run on." Stevenson did his best to smooth things over with the mild admission that "any President is a key figure in a national campaign."

* * *

Two were killed and 32 injured when an earthquake struck downtown Bakersfield in southern California. The damage was heavy because many of the buildings had already been weakened by the earlier Tehachapi quake (*LIFE*, Aug. 4).

Chains for mental patients

The *Houston Post* had some shocking news for the citizens of Harris County, Texas. Because their mental health program is inadequate, mentally ill patients must often be sent to the crowded Old Jefferson Davis Hospital. If patients are violent they must be chained to their beds because there are neither rooms nor personnel to take care of them. They may have to wait in chains three or four weeks until there is room for them in the state hospitals. The blame does not rest on the mental health officers, who brought the situation to the *Post's* attention. The *Post* lays the blame squarely on Harris County.



INMATE OF HOUSTON MENTAL HOSPITAL IS SHACKLED TO BED

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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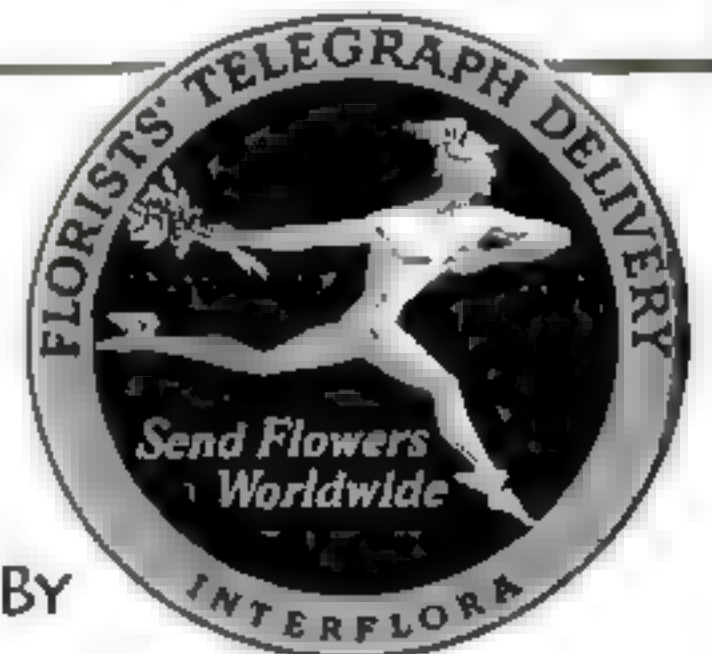
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Switch to SQUIRT Never an after-thirst

Fresh, clean taste as you drink Squirt...
Fresh, clean taste after you drink Squirt...
Never an after-thirst!

Yes, if sweet soft drinks leave you reaching for a
water-chaser, then Switch to Squirt—the one
soft drink that can say and prove—
Never an after-thirst!



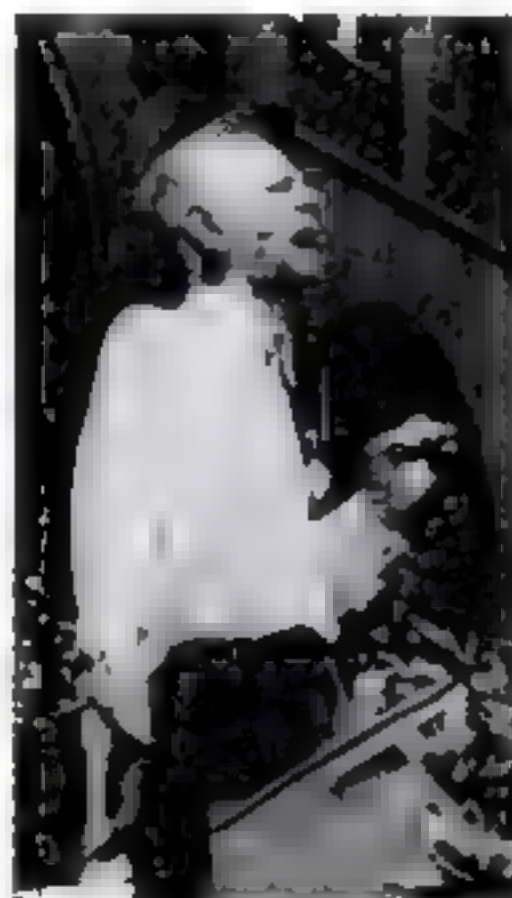
When you serve mixed drinks,
and when you drink, be smooth about it...
Switch to Squirt, the SMOOTH mixer.

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NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED

The American motorist got a well-meant stab in the back from the Automobile Club of Missouri. Director of Safety Education P. F. Drury not only called the back-seat driver a safety asset but actually laid down rules for his behavior. According to Drury, the back-seat driver should test the man behind the wheel's alertness by 1) talking to him constantly—but without nagging, 2) deliberately misreading road signs to see if he is quick to correct them, 3) insulting him to check the speed of his reactions.

A brave German dies



KURT SCHUMACHER

Kurt Schumacher lost an arm fighting for Germany in World War I. This did not stop him from entering politics and leading the Socialist party's resistance to Hitler. When Hitler won, Schumacher started 11 brutal years in Nazi prisons, which broke his health and eventually cost him a leg. This did not stop him, either. After the war he revived the Socialist party in West Germany and became a powerful politician, bitterly opposing Allied plans for rearmament and a European defense community. Last week a coronary thrombosis finally stopped Kurt Schumacher at 57. This meant that opposition to German rearmament would have a less bitter tone—but there were no cheers at the death of a man who had always fought hard for his beliefs.

* * *

When Margaret Truman reached Sweden on her European tour the Stockholm press suddenly launched a violent attack on her three Secret Service bodyguards. The bodyguards were "tough guys with their left armpits bulging with artillery," one paper said, and they had roughed up Swedish citizens and been unpleasant to photographers. Another paper called them "gorillas" and commented unkindly that "Miss Truman is not in danger of her life in Stockholm. . . . We understand that she is not going to sing here." Next day both the U.S. and Sweden made haste to make peace. The White House said nobody had been roughed up and the State Department said the incidents had been exaggerated. The Swedish embassy explained that the bodyguards had just come as a surprise to Stockholm, where there hasn't been a political incident since a nobleman was lynched in 1802.

* * *



The Windsors were forced to cut short their holiday in Italy when the duke was stricken with gastroenteritis, an intestinal inflammation. As the entourage returned to Paris, the duke needed the arms of a plainclothesman and the duchess.

Cadillac



Jewels by Van Clee and Arpels

Climaxing Fifty Years of Progress!

There can be little doubt that automotive history will record 1932 as a truly great Cadillac year. For in this year a full half century of progress in engineering, in styling and in craftsmanship has climaxed in one magnificent motor car—the Golden Anniversary Cadillac. And that, of course, means that whoever owns

and drives this automotive masterpiece will receive some very *special* motoring benefits. . . . It means, first of all, that he will enjoy the finest performance and dependability ever built into a Cadillac car. . . . It means, too, that his pride in owning it and his satisfaction in driving it will be the greatest in

Cadillac history. . . . And it also means that he may expect extraordinary re-sale value when his car has served him its normal span. For the motoring public will always have a special place in its heart for the Golden Anniversary Cadillac. . . . Why not come in today—and see and drive this greatest Cadillac car of all time!

YOUR CADILLAC DEALER



How to have hash **AND** a Happy Family



Serve 'em Stuffed Peppers

baked with—

STUFFED PEPPERS—Hunt Style

Folks really go for hash fixed *this way!* ...

Tucked into plump green peppers ... and fairly brimming over with the spicy tomato flavor of Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

You know, Hunt's Tomato Sauce is made for just one purpose—to help you make your good cooking still better! It's a *specialist*—not a soup, no thickeners added. Get some and try this fine recipe:

2 green peppers

Cut in half lengthwise, remove seeds, boil in salted water 5 minutes. Remove and drain. Then mix well:

1 (1 lb.) can hash or 2 cups homemade hash

3 tbsp. fine dry bread crumbs

1 tsp. horseradish

Fill peppers with hash mixture. Into greased baking dish pour:

2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Place peppers in sauce; bake in hot oven (400°) 30 minutes. Five minutes before removing, baste with sauce from pan.

Serve with the rich, smooth sauce for the best stuffed peppers you've ever enjoyed!

Use Hunt's Tomato Sauce in your recipes for stew, meat loaf, casseroles, leftovers. Get several cans—for just a few cents a can!



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Hunt's Heavenly Peaches

Hunt-for the best



FOLLOWED BY AIDE, COX STAGGERS UNDER 195 POUNDS



ONCE IN STANDS HE LAYS IT ON FRIEND'S SHOULDER

ALL THE CASH YOU CAN CARRY

Joe Engel, the manager of the Chattanooga Lookouts baseball team, has a shrewd sense of publicity. His conviction that the game can profitably be combined with humor has led some people to call him "The Barnum of Baseball." Once Engel traded a shortstop for a turkey. He has staged a mock elephant hunt in the outfield (after having all his players vaccinated against jungle fever), offered Dizzy Dean \$10,000 to fight him at home plate (Judge Landis put a stop to it), has given away a house and lot to publicize night baseball. Oddly enough, he is also an astute baseball man who has discovered a number of major stars.

This year minor leagues like the Southern Association, of which Chattanooga is a member, are hard

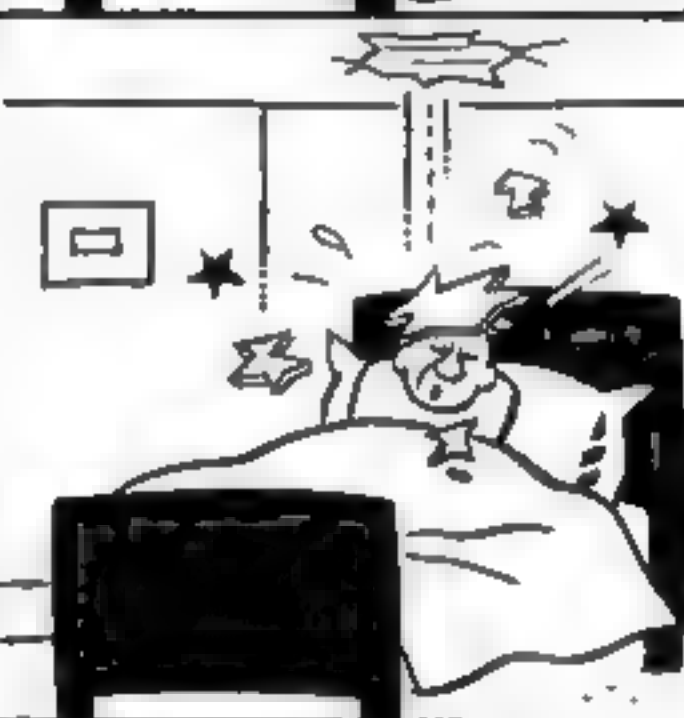
put even to half-fill their stands, so fun-loving Joe came up with a new one: cash-and-carry night. An armored car drives onto the infield with a tub full of cash and a spectator, drawn by lot, is permitted to carry away in a sack all the cash he can get back to the stands in one trip. The first time Engel tried it the stunt drew 13,000 fans and cost \$684. But when Engel tried it again last fortnight Ray Cox of Hixson, Tenn., ably assisted by a friend, Albert W. Reno, who shoveled Cox's sack full of cash in return for half of the "take," managed to carry off \$930.80—seven silver dollars, \$19 in quarters and halves, and 17,496 nickels. But only 6,500 fans showed up. It looked as if Barnum had to think up a new stunt.



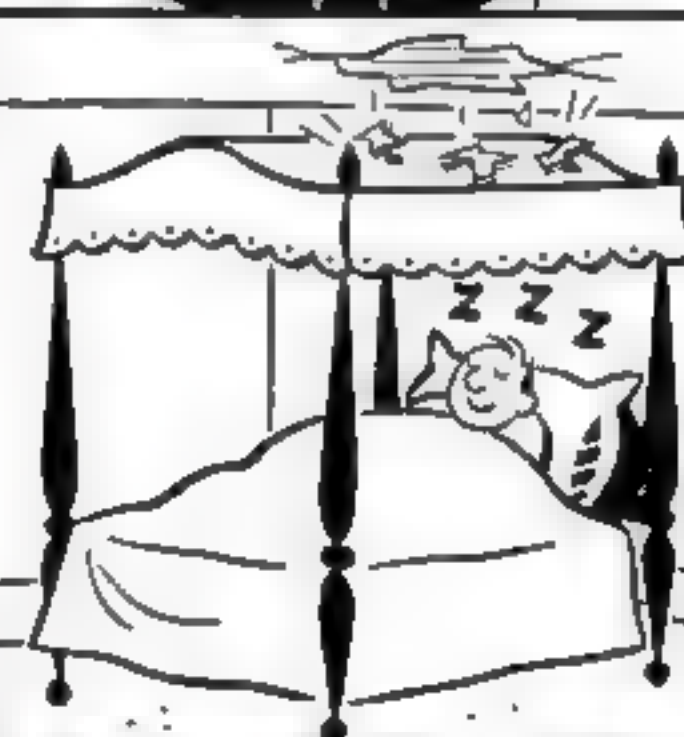
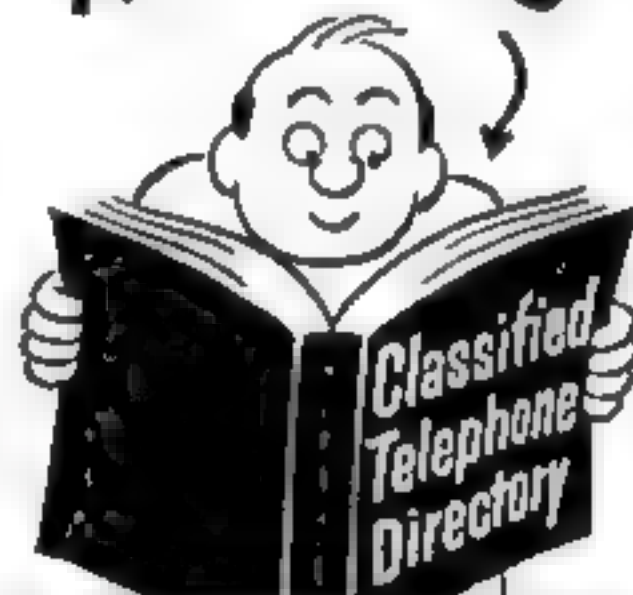
AT 3:30 A.M. Cox and his wife (third and fourth from right), Reno's parents, his sister and brothers were still

counting their windfall, mostly in nickels. Cox will buy a house with his half and Reno a lease on a filling-station.

LOOK
HERE



ANTIQUES



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NEEDS

Bite's
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EVERY TIN



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Process Patented July 30, 1901

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Prince Albert
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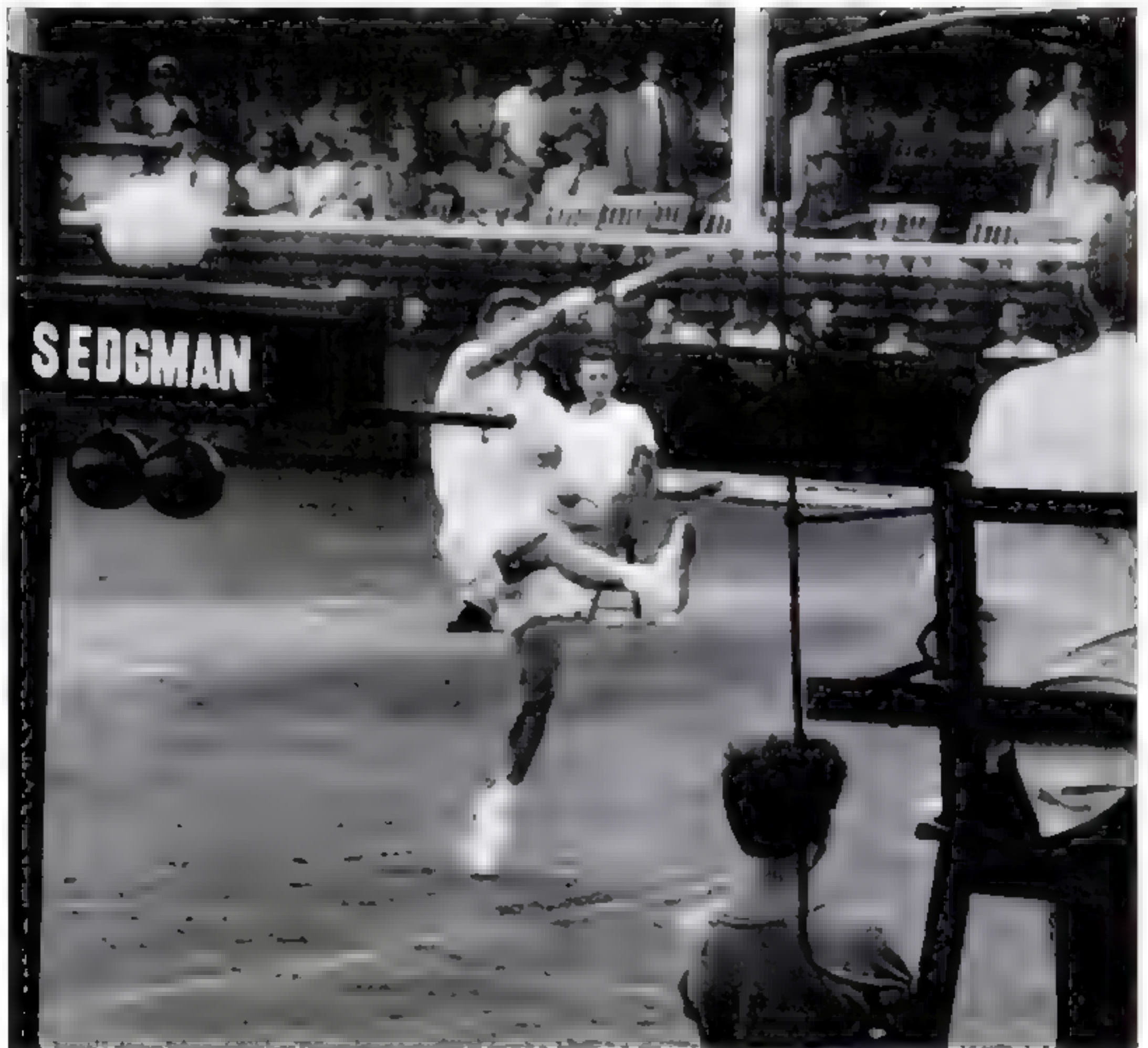
Don't ever let
HEADACHE
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Bromo-Seltzer brings fast relief from headache pain, upset stomach and edgy nerves. For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Get sparkling, refreshing Bromo-Seltzer today!



AGAINST McGREGOR AT NEWPORT, SEDGMAN HITS SMASH. MARKER AT LEFT SHOWS HE HAS ONE SET, TWO GAMES

TOP MAN IN TENNIS

When U.S. stars battle Sedgman
'It's like trying to stop a flood'

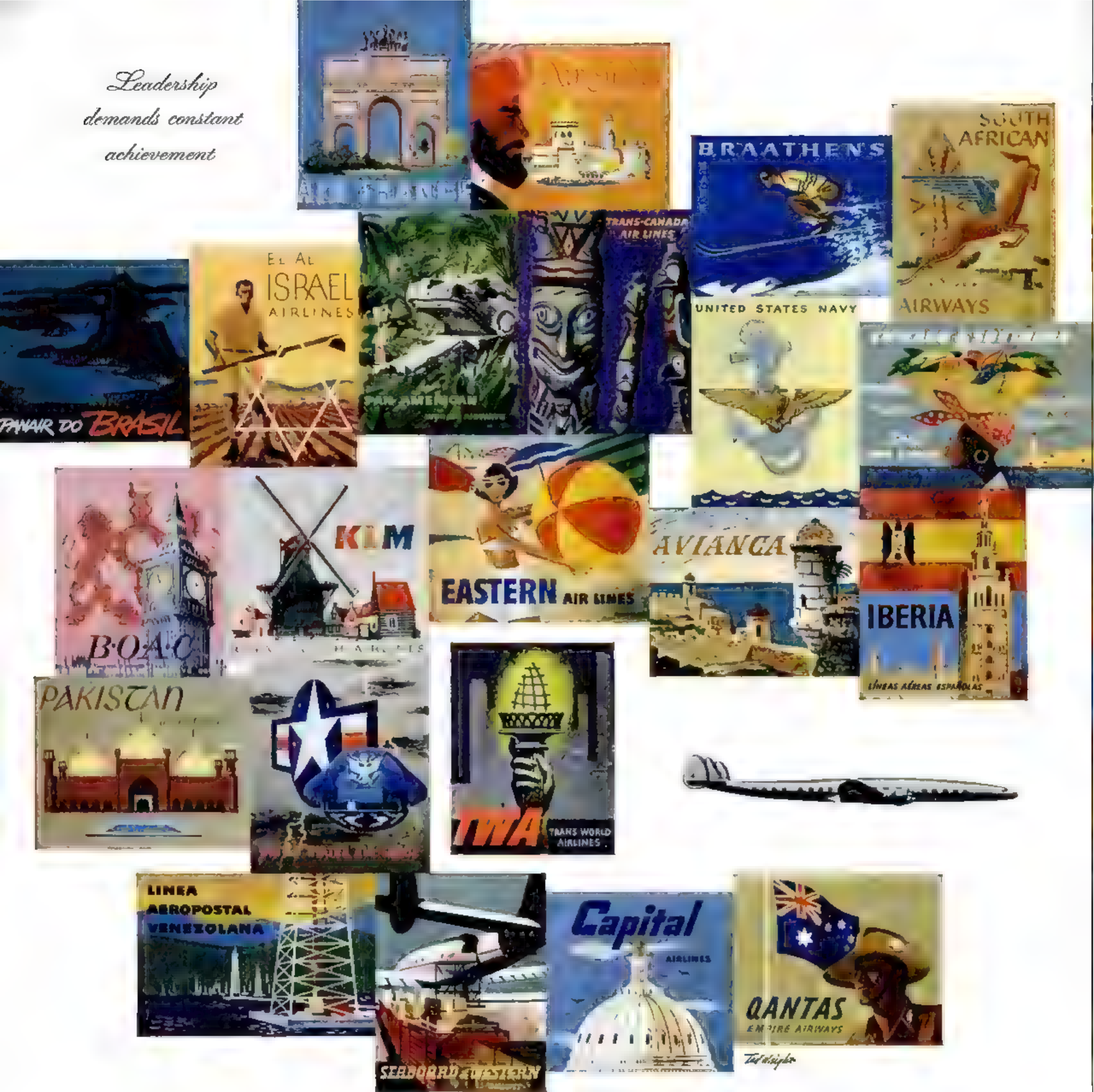
Warming up at Newport, R.I. in preparation for the National Tennis championships this week, two of America's best players had the misfortune to encounter 24-year-old Frank Sedgman of Australia. Herbie Flam, No. 3 U.S. player, met Sedgman in the quarterfinals, and afterward groaned, "It's like trying to stop a flood." Next day Dick Savitt, No. 2, threw up his hands midway in the match and called, "You're just too good, Sedg!" Having disposed of the Americans without losing a set, Sedgman went on to beat his Australian doubles partner, Ken McGregor, for the Newport championship and thus establish himself as the top-heavy favorite at Forest Hills.

It is no accident that Sedgman is as good as he is. In Australia young tennis players of promise are often hired by sporting goods firms and sent off to the tournaments—tennis becomes their business. If they do well, they can count on substantial rewards. After Sedgman won last year's Davis Cup almost singlehanded, appreciative fans gave him a \$12,600 wedding present in the hope he would not turn pro. He didn't. Of Davis Cup prospects this year Sedgman says, "One big man makes the difference, and the U.S. hasn't got one." Australia obviously has.



← SEDGMAN AND WIFE, Margaret Jean, stroll in front of mansion where they stayed during the tournament.

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-and the U.S. Air Force and U.S. Navy - have selected

THE CONSTELLATION & SUPER CONSTELLATION

On every continent of the world leading airlines fly the famous Constellation. Today more people fly over more oceans and continents on the Constellations of these great airlines than on any other modern airplane. It is also the leader on the most traveled route, the

North Atlantic. This successful operation by international airlines established the Constellation's record for dependable performance—leading to the development of the new Super Constellation, today's finest transport airplane. Altogether 20 distinguished

airlines have selected the Constellation and Super Constellation. Whenever or wherever you travel, insist on the dependable service of these airline leaders.*

If there is no local airline office, see your travel agent.
* Listed above on travel posters.

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THE EDITORS OF LIFE PROUDLY PRESENT FOR THE FIRST TIME AND IN FULL
A GREAT NEW BOOK BY A GREAT AMERICAN WRITER

THE Old Man AND THE Sea

by Ernest Hemingway

HE was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat.

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert.

Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated.

"Santiago," the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. "I could go with you again. We've made some money."

The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.

"No," the old man said. "You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them."

"But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks."

"I remember," the old man said. "I know you did not leave me because you doubted."

"It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him."

"I know," the old man said. "It is quite normal."

"He hasn't much faith."

"No," the old man said. "But we have. Haven't we?"

"Yes," the boy said. "Can I offer you a beer on the Terrace and then we'll take the stuff home?"

"Why not?" the old man said. "Between fishermen."

They sat on the Terrace and many of the fishermen made fun of the old man and he was not angry. Others, of the older fishermen, looked at him and were sad. But they did not show it and they spoke politely about the current and the depths they had drifted their lines at and the steady good weather and of what they had seen. The successful fishermen of that day were already in and had butchered their marlin out and carried them laid full length across two planks, with two men staggering at the end of each plank, to the fish house where they waited for the ice truck to carry them to the market in Havana. Those who had caught sharks had taken them to the shark factory on the other side of the cove where they were hoisted on a block and tackle, their livers removed, their fins cut off and their hides skinned out and their flesh cut into strips for salting.

When the wind was in the east a smell came across the harbour from the shark factory; but today there was only the faint edge of the odour because the wind had backed into the north and then dropped off and it was pleasant and sunny on the Terrace.

"Santiago," the boy said.

"Yes," the old man said. He was holding his glass and thinking of many years ago.

"Can I go out to get sardines for you for tomorrow?"

"No. Go and play baseball. I can still row and Rogelio will throw the net."

"I would like to go. If I cannot fish with you, I would like to serve in some way."

"You bought me a beer," the old man said. "You are already a man."

COPYRIGHT 1952 BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE AUTHOR is shown at a Cuban fishing village like the one used by the "old man" of his story.

"How old was I when you first took me in a boat?"

"Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"

"I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me."

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?"

"I remember everything from when we first went together."

The old man looked at him with his sun-burned, confident loving eyes.

"If you were my boy I'd take you out and gamble," he said.

"But you are your father's and your mother's and you are in a lucky boat."

"May I get the sardines? I know where I can get four baits too."

"I have mine left from today. I put them in salt in the box."

"Let me get four fresh ones."

"One," the old man said. His hope and his confidence had never

gone. But now they were freshening as when the breeze rises.

"Two," the boy said.

"Two," the old man agreed. "You didn't steal them?"

"I would," the boy said. "But I bought these."

"Thank you," the old man said. He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride.

"Tomorrow is going to be a good day with this current," he said.

"Where are you going?" the boy asked.

"Far out to come in when the wind shifts. I want to be out before it is light."

"I'll try to get him to work far out," the boy said. "Then if you hook something truly big we can come to your aid."

"He does not like to work too far out."

"No," the boy said. "But I will see something that he cannot see such as a bird working and get him to come out after dolphin."

"Are his eyes that bad?"

"He is almost blind."

"It is strange," the old man said. "He never went turtle-ing. That is what kills the eyes."

"But you went turtle-ing for years off the Mosquito Coast and your eyes are good."

"I am a strange old man."

"But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?"

"I think so. And there are many tricks."

"Let us take the stuff home," the boy said. "So I can get the cast net and go after the sardines."

They picked up the gear from the boat. The old man carried the mast on his shoulder and the boy carried the wooden box with the coiled, hard-braided brown lines, the gaff and the harpoon with its shaft. The box with the baits was under the stern of the skiff along with the club that was used to subdue the big fish when they were brought alongside. No one would steal from the old man but it was better to take the sail and the heavy lines home as the dew was bad for them and, though he was quite sure no local people would steal from him, the old man thought that a gaff and a harpoon were needless temptations to leave in a boat.

They walked up the road together to the old man's shack and went in through its open door. The old man leaned the mast with its wrapped sail against the wall and the boy put the box and the other gear beside it. The mast was nearly as long as the one room of the shack. The shack was made of the tough bud-shields of the royal palm which are called *guano* and in it there was a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy fibered *guano* there was a picture in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it and it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

"What do you have to eat?" the boy asked.

"A pot of yellow rice with fish. Do you want some?"

"No. I will eat at home. Do you want me to make the fire?"

"No. I will make it later on. Or I may eat the rice cold."

"May I take the cast net?"

"Of course."

There was no cast net and the boy remembered when they had sold it. But they went through this fiction every day. There was no pot of yellow rice and fish and the boy knew this too.

"Eighty-five is a lucky number," the old man said. "How would you like to see me bring one in that dressed out over a thousand pounds?"



DRAWINGS FOR LIFE BY NOEL SICKLES

AND THE SEA

"I'll get the cast net and go for sardines. Will you sit in the sun in the doorway?"

"Yes. I have yesterday's paper and I will read the baseball."

The boy did not know whether yesterday's paper was a fiction too. But the old man brought it out from under the bed.

"Perico gave it to me at the *bodega*," he explained.

"I'll be back when I have the sardines. I'll keep yours and mine together on ice and we can share them in the morning. When I come back you can tell me about the baseball."

"The Yankees cannot lose."

"But I fear the Indians of Cleveland."

"Have faith in the Yankees my son. Think of the great DiMaggio."

"I fear both the Tigers of Detroit and the Indians of Cleveland."

"Be careful or you will fear even the Reds of Cincinnati and the White Sox of Chicago."

"You study it and tell me when I come back."

"Do you think we should buy a terminal of the lottery with an eighty-five? Tomorrow is the eighty-fifth day."

"We can do that," the boy said. "But what about the eighty-seven of your great record?"

"It could not happen twice. Do you think you can find an eighty-five?"

"I can order one."

"One sheet. That's two dollars and a half. Who can we borrow that from?"

"That's easy. I can always borrow two dollars and a half."

"I think perhaps I can too. But I try not to borrow. First you borrow. Then you beg."

"Keep warm old man," the boy said. "Remember we are in September."

"The month when the great fish come," the old man said. "Anyone can be a fisherman in May."

"I go now for the sardines," the boy said.

When the boy came back the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted.

The boy left him there and when he came back the old man was still asleep.

"Wake up old man," the boy said and put his hand on one of the old man's knees.

The old man opened his eyes and for a moment he was coming back from a long way away. Then he smiled.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Supper," said the boy. "We're going to have supper."

"I'm not very hungry."

"Come on and eat. You can't fish and not eat."

"I have," the old man said getting up and taking the newspaper and folding it. Then he started to fold the blanket.

"Keep the blanket around you," the boy said. "You'll not fish without eating while I'm alive."

"Then live a long time and take care of yourself," the old man said. "What are we eating?"

"Black beans and rice, fried bananas, and some stew."

The boy had brought them in a two-decker metal container from the Terrace. The two sets of knives and forks and spoons were in his pocket with a paper napkin wrapped around each set.

"Who gave this to you?"

"Martin. The owner."

"I must thank him."

"I thanked him already," the boy said. "You don't need to thank him."

"I'll give him the belly meat of a big fish," the old man said. "Has he done this for us more than once?"

"I think so."

"I must give him something more than the belly meat then. He is very thoughtful for us."

"He sent two beers."

"I like the beer in cans best."

"I know. But this is in bottles, Hatuey beer, and I take back the bottles."

"That's very kind of you," the old man said. "Should we eat?"

"I've been asking you to," the boy told him gently. "I have not wished to open the container until you were ready."

"I'm ready now," the old man said. "I only needed time to wash."

Where did you wash? the boy thought. The village water supply was two streets down the road. I must have water here for him, the boy thought, and soap and a good towel. Why am I so thoughtless? I must get him another shirt and a jacket for the winter and some sort of shoes and another blanket.

"Your stew is excellent," the old man said.

"Tell me about the baseball," the boy asked him.

"In the American League it is the Yankees as I said," the old man said happily.

"They lost today," the boy told him.

"That means nothing. The great DiMaggio is himself again."

"They have other men on the team."

"Naturally. But he makes the difference. In the other league, between Brooklyn and Philadelphia I must take Brooklyn. But then I think of Dick Sisler and those great drives in the old park."

"There was nothing ever like them. He hits the longest ball I have ever seen."

"Do you remember when he used to come to the Terrace? I wanted to take him fishing but I was too timid to ask him. Then I asked you to ask him and you were too timid."

"I know. It was a great mistake. He might have gone with us. Then we would have that for all of our lives."

"I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman. Maybe he was as poor as we are and would understand."

"The great Sisler's father was never poor and he, the father, was playing in the big leagues when he was my age."

"When I was your age I was before the mast on a square rigged ship that ran to Africa and I have seen lions on the beaches in the evening."

"I know. You told me."

"Should we talk about Africa or about baseball?"

"Baseball I think," the boy said. "Tell me about the great John J. McGraw." He said *Jota* for J.

"He used to come to the Terrace sometimes too in the older days. But he was rough and harsh-spoken and difficult when he was drinking. His mind was on horses as well as baseball. At least he carried lists of horses at all times in his pocket and frequently spoke the names of horses on the telephone."

"He was a great manager," the boy said. "My father thinks he was the greatest."

"Because he came here the most times," the old man said. "If Durocher had continued to come here each year your father would think him the greatest manager."

"Who is the greatest manager, really, Luque or Mike Gonzalez?"

"I think they are equal."

"And the best fisherman is you."

"No. I know others better."

"*Qué va*," the boy said. "There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you."



"Thank you. You make me happy. I hope no fish will come along so great that he will prove us wrong."

"There is no such fish if you are still strong as you say."

"I may not be as strong as I think," the old man said. "But I know many tricks and I have resolution."

"You ought to go to bed now so that you will be fresh in the morning. I will take the things back to the Terrace."

"Good night then. I will wake you in the morning."

"You're my alarm clock," the boy said.

"Age is my alarm clock," the old man said. "Why do old men wake so early? Is it to have one longer day?"

"I don't know," the boy said. "All I know is that young boys sleep late and hard."

"I can remember it," the old man said. "I'll waken you in time."

"I do not like for him to waken me. It is as though I were inferior."

"I know."

"Sleep well old man."

The boy went out. They had eaten with no light on the table and the old man took off his trousers and went to bed in the dark. He rolled his trousers up to make a pillow, putting the newspaper inside them. He rolled himself in the blanket and slept on the other old newspapers that covered the springs of the bed.

He was asleep in a short time and he dreamed of Africa when he was a boy and the long golden beaches and the white beaches, so white they hurt your eyes, and the high capes and the great brown mountains. He lived along that coast now every night and in his dreams he heard the surf roar and saw the native boats come riding through it. He smelled the tar and oakum of the deck as he slept and he smelled the smell of Africa that the land breeze brought at morning.

Usually when he smelled the land breeze he woke up and dressed to go and wake the boy. But tonight the smell of the land breeze came very early and he knew it was too early in his dream and went on dreaming to see the white peaks of the Islands rising from the sea and then he dreamed of the different harbours and roadsteads of the Canary Islands.

He no longer dreamed of storms, nor of women, nor of great occurrences, nor of great fish, nor fights, nor contests of strength, nor of his wife. He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy. He never dreamed about the boy. He simply woke, looked out the open door at the moon and unrolled his trousers and put them on. He urinated outside the shack and then went up the road to wake the boy. He was shivering with the morning cold. But he knew he would shiver himself warm and that soon he would be rowing.

The door of the house where the boy lived was unlocked and he opened it and walked in quietly with his bare feet. The boy was asleep on a cot in the first room and the old man could see him clearly with the light that came in from the dying moon. He took hold of one foot gently and held it until the boy woke and turned and looked at him. The old man nodded and the boy took his trousers from the chair by the bed and, sitting on the bed, pulled them on.

The old man went out the door and the boy came after him. He was sleepy and the old man put his arm across his shoulders and said, "I am sorry."

"*Qué va,*" the boy said. "It is what a man must do."

They walked down the road to the old man's shack and all along the road, in the dark, barefoot men were moving, carrying the masts of their boats.

When they reached the old man's shack the boy took the rolls of line in the basket and the harpoon and gaff and the old man carried the mast with the furled sail on his shoulder.

"Do you want coffee?" the boy asked.

"We'll put the gear in the boat and then get some."

They had coffee from condensed milk cans at an early morning place that served fishermen.

"How did you sleep old man?" the boy asked. He was waking up now although it was still hard for him to leave his sleep.

"Very well, Manolin," the old man said. "I feel confident today."

"So do I," the boy said. "Now I must get your sardines and mine and your fresh baits. He brings our gear himself. He never wants anyone to carry anything."

"We're different," the old man said. "I let you carry things when you were five years old."

"I know it," the boy said. "I'll be right back. Have another coffee. We have credit here."

He walked off, bare-footed on the coral rocks, to the ice house where the baits were stored.

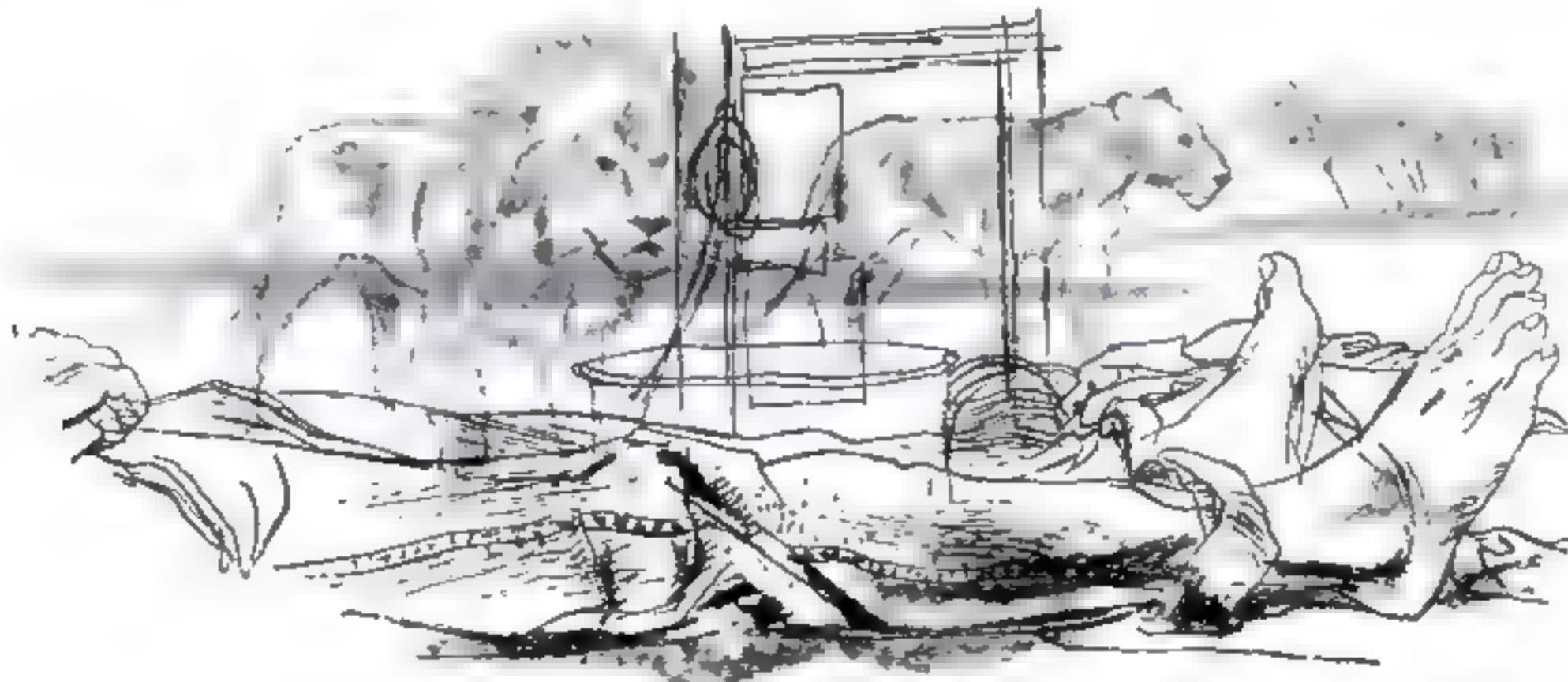
The old man drank his coffee slowly. It was all he would have all day and he knew that he should take it. For a long time now eating had bored him and he never carried a lunch. He had a bottle of water in the bow of the skiff and that was all he needed for the day.

The boy was back now with the sardines and the two baits wrapped in a newspaper and they went down the trail to the skiff, feeling the pebbled sand under their feet, and lifted the skiff and slid her into the water.

"Good luck old man."

"Good luck," the old man said. He fitted the rope lashings of the oars onto the thole pins and, leaning forward against the thrust of the blades in the water, he began to row out of the harbour in the dark. There were other boats from the other beaches going out to sea and the old man heard the dip and push of their oars even though he could not see them now the moon was below the hills.

Sometimes someone would speak in a boat. But most of the boats were silent except for the dip of the oars. They spread apart after they were out of the mouth of the harbour and each one headed for the part of the ocean where he hoped to find fish. The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean. He saw the phosphorescence of the Gulf weed in the water as he rowed over the part of the ocean that the fishermen called the great well because there was a sudden deep of seven hundred fathoms where all sorts of fish congregated because of the swirl the current made against the steep walls of the floor of the ocean. Here there were concentrations of shrimp and bait fish and sometimes schools of squid in the deepest holes and these rose close to the surface at night where all the wandering fish fed on them.



AND THE SEA

In the dark the old man could feel the morning coming and as he rowed he heard the trembling sound as flying fish left the water and the hissing that their stiff set wings made as they soared away in the darkness. He was very fond of flying fish as they were his principal friends on the ocean. He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, "The birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones. Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea."

He always thought of the sea as *la mar* which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman. Some of the younger fishermen, those who used buoys as floats for their lines and had motorboats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as *el mar* which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought.

He was rowing steadily and it was no effort for him since he kept well within his speed and the surface of the ocean was flat except for the occasional swirls of the current. He was letting the current do a third of the work and as it started to be light he saw he was already further out than he had hoped to be at this hour.

I worked the deep wells for a week and did nothing, he thought. Today I'll work out where the schools of bonita and albacore are and maybe there will be a big one with them.

Before it was really light he had his baits out and was drifting with the current. One bait was down forty fathoms. The second was at seventy-five and the third and fourth were down in the blue water at one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five fathoms. Each bait hung head down with the shank of the hook inside the bait fish, tied and sewed solid and all the projecting part of the hook, the curve and the point, was covered with fresh sardines. Each sardine was hooked through both eyes so that they made a half-garland on the projecting steel. There was no part of the hook that a great fish could feel which was not sweet smelling and good tasting.

The boy had given him two fresh small tunas, or albacores, which hung on the two deepest lines like plummets and, on the others, he had a big blue runner and a yellow jack that had been used before; but they were in good condition still and had the excellent sardines to give them scent and attractiveness. Each line, as thick around as a big pencil, was looped onto a green-sapped stick so that any pull or touch on the bait would make the stick dip and each line had two forty-fathom coils which could be made fast to the other spare coils so that, if it were necessary, a fish could take out over three hundred fathoms of line.

Now the man watched the dip of the three sticks over the side of the skiff and rowed gently to keep the lines straight up and down and at their proper depths. It was quite light and any moment now the sun would rise.

The sun rose thinly from the sea and the old man could see the other boats, low on the water and well in toward the shore, spread out across the current. Then the sun was brighter and the glare came on the water and then, as it rose clear, the flat sea sent it back at his eyes so that it hurt sharply and he rowed without looking into it. He looked down into the water and watched the lines that went straight down into the dark of the water. He kept them straighter than anyone did, so that at each level in the darkness of the stream there would be a bait waiting exactly where he wished it to be for any fish that swam there. Others let them drift with the current and sometimes they were at sixty fathoms when the fishermen thought they were at a hundred.

But, he thought, I keep them with precision. Only I have no luck any more. But who knows? Maybe today. Every day is a new day. It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be exact. Then when luck comes you are ready.

The sun was two hours higher now and it did not hurt his eyes



so much to look into the east. There were only three boats in sight now and they showed very low and far inshore.

All my life the early sun has hurt my eyes, he thought. Yet they are still good. In the evening I can look straight into it without getting the blackness. It has more force in the evening too. But in the morning it is painful.

Just then he saw a man-of-war bird with his long black wings circling in the sky ahead of him. He made a quick drop, slanting down on his back-swept wings, and then circled again.

"He's got something," the old man said aloud. "He's not just looking."

He rowed slowly and steadily toward where the bird was circling. He did not hurry and he kept his lines straight up and down. But he crowded the current a little so that he was still fishing correctly though faster than he would have fished if he was not trying to use the bird.

The bird went higher in the air and circled again, his wings motionless. Then he dove suddenly and the old man saw flying fish spurt out of the water and sail desperately over the surface.

"Dolphin," the old man said aloud. "Big dolphin."

He shipped his oars and brought a small line from under the bow. It had a wire leader and a medium-sized hook and he baited it with one of the sardines. He let it go over the side and then made it fast to a ring bolt in the stern. Then he baited another line and left it coiled in the shade of the bow. He went back to rowing and to watching the long-winged black bird who was working, now, low over the water.

As he watched the bird dipped again slanting his wings for the dive and then swinging them wildly and ineffectually as he followed the flying fish. The old man could see the slight bulge in the water that the big dolphin raised as they followed the escaping fish. The dolphin were cutting through the water below the flight of the fish and would be in the water, driving at speed, when the fish dropped. It is a big school of dolphin, he thought. They are wide spread and the flying fish have little chance. The bird has no chance. The flying fish are too big for him and they go too fast.

He watched the flying fish burst out again and again and the ineffectual movements of the bird. That school has gotten away from me, he thought. They are moving out too fast and too far. But perhaps I will pick up a stray and perhaps my big fish is around them. My big fish must be somewhere.

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with the gray blue hills behind it. The water was a dark blue now, so dark that it was almost purple. As he looked down into it he saw the red sifting of the plankton in the dark water and the strange light the sun made now. He watched his lines to see them go straight down out of sight into the water and he was happy to see so much plankton because it meant fish. The strange light the sun made in the water, now that the sun was higher, meant good weather and so did the shape of the clouds over the land. But the bird was almost out of sight now and nothing showed on the surface of the water but some patches of yellow, sun-bleached Sargasso weed and the purple, formalized, iridescent, gelatinous bladder of a Portuguese man-of-war floating close beside the boat. It turned on its side and then righted itself. It floated cheerfully as a bubble with its long deadly purple filaments trailing a yard behind it in the water.

"*Agua mala*," the man said. "You whore."

From where he swung lightly against his oars he looked down into the water and saw the tiny fish that were coloured like the trailing filaments and swam between them and under the small shade the bubble made as it drifted. They were immune to its poison. But men were not and when some of the filaments would catch on a line and rest there slimy and purple while the old man was working a fish, he would have welts and sores on his arms and hands of the sort that

poison ivy or poison oak can give. But these poisonings from the *agua mala* came quickly and struck like a whiplash.

The iridescent bubbles were beautiful. But they were the falsest thing in the sea and the old man loved to see the big sea turtles eating them. The turtles saw them, approached them from the front, then shut their eyes so they were completely carapaced and ate them filaments and all. The old man loved to see the turtles eat them and he loved to walk on them on the beach after a storm and hear them pop when he stepped on them with the horny soles of his feet.

He loved green turtles and hawks-bills with their elegance and speed and their great value and he had a friendly contempt for the huge, stupid loggerheads, yellow in their armour-plating, strange in their love-making, and happily eating the Portuguese men-of-war with their eyes shut.

He had no mysticism about turtles although he had gone in turtle boats for many years. He was sorry for them all, even the great trunk backs that were as long as the skiff and weighed a ton. Most people are heartless about turtles because a turtle's heart will beat for hours after he has been cut up and butchered. But the old man thought, I have such a heart too and my feet and hands are like theirs. He ate the white eggs to give himself strength. He ate them all through May to be strong in September and October for the truly big fish.

He also drank a cup of shark liver oil each day from the big drum in the shack where many of the fishermen kept their gear. It was there for all fishermen who wanted it. Most fishermen hated the taste. But it was no worse than getting up at the hours that they rose and it was very good against all colds and gripes and it was good for the eyes.

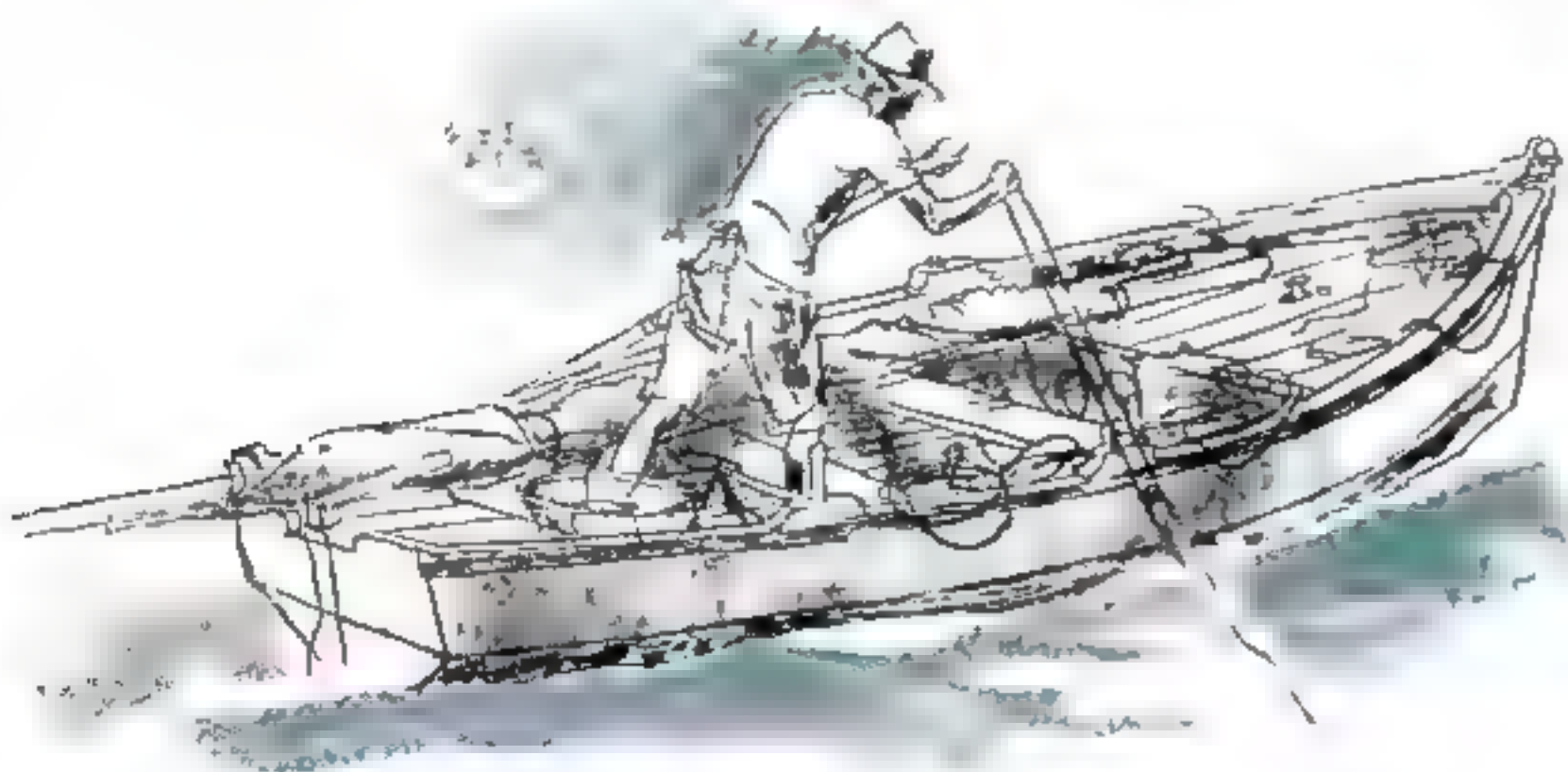
Now the old man looked up and saw that the bird was circling again.

"He's found fish," he said aloud. No flying fish broke the surface and there was no scattering of bait fish. But as the old man watched, a small tuna rose in the air, turned and dropped head first into the water. The tuna shone silver in the sun and after he had dropped back into the water another and another rose and they were jumping in all directions, churning the water and leaping in long jumps after the bait. They were circling it and driving it.

If they don't travel too fast I will get into them, the old man thought, and he watched the school working the water white and the bird now dropping and dipping into the bait fish that were forced to the surface in their panic.

"The bird is a great help," the old man said. Just then the stern line came taut under his foot, where he had kept a loop of the line, and he dropped his oars and felt the weight of the small tuna's shivering pull as he held the line firm and commenced to haul it in. The shivering increased as he pulled in and he could see the blue back of the fish in the water and the gold of his sides before he swung him over the side and into the boat. He lay in the stern in the sun, compact and bullet shaped, his big, unintelligent eyes staring as he thumped his life out against the planking of the boat with the quick shivering strokes of his neat, fast-moving tail. The old man hit him on the head for kindness and kicked him, his body still shuddering, under the shade of the stern.

"Albacore," he said aloud. "He'll make a beautiful bait. He'll weigh ten pounds."



He did not remember when he had first started to talk aloud when he was by himself. He had sung when he was by himself in the old days and he had sung at night sometimes when he was alone steering on his watch in the smacks or in the turtle boats. He had probably started to talk aloud, when alone, when the boy had left. But he did not remember. When he and the boy fished together they usually spoke only when it was necessary. They talked at night or when they were storm-bound by bad weather. It was considered a virtue not to talk unnecessarily at sea and the old man had always considered it so and respected it. But now he said his thoughts aloud many times since there was no one that they could annoy.

"If the others heard me talking out loud they would think that I am crazy," he said aloud. "But since I am not crazy, I do not care. And the rich have radios to talk to them in their boats and to bring them the baseball."

Now is no time to think of baseball, he thought. Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for. There might be a big one around that school, he thought. I picked up only a straggler from the albacore that were feeding. But they are working far out and fast. Everything that shows on the surface today travels very fast and to the north-east. Can that be the time of day? Or is it some sign of weather that I do not know?

He could not see the green of the shore now but only the tops of the blue hills that showed white as though they were snow-capped and the clouds that looked like high snow mountains above them. The sea was very dark and the light made prisms in the water. The myriad flecks of the plankton were annulled now by the high sun and it was only the great deep prisms in the blue water that the old man saw now with his lines going straight down into the water that was a mile deep.

The tuna, the fishermen called all the fish of that species tuna and only distinguished among them by their proper names when they came to sell them or to trade them for baits, were down again. The sun was hot now and the old man felt it on the back of his neck and felt the sweat trickle down his back as he rowed.

I could just drift, he thought, and sleep and put a bight of line around my toe to wake me. But today is eighty-five days and I should fish the day well.

Just then, watching his lines, he saw one of the projecting green sticks dip sharply.

"Yes," he said. "Yes," and shipped his oars without bumping the boat. He reached out for the line and held it softly between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. He felt no strain nor weight and he held the line lightly. Then it came again. This time it was a tentative pull, not solid nor heavy, and he knew exactly what it was. One hundred fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines that covered the point and the shank of the hook where the hand-forged hook projected from the head of the small tuna.

The old man held the line delicately, and softly, with his left hand, unleashed it from the stick. Now he could let it run through his fingers without the fish feeling any tension.

This far out, he must be huge in this month, he thought. Eat them, fish. Eat them. Please eat them. How fresh they are and you down there six hundred feet in that cold water in the dark. Make another turn in the dark and come back and eat them.

He felt the light delicate pulling and then a harder pull when a sardine's head must have been more difficult to break from the hook. Then there was nothing.

"Come on," the old man said aloud. "Make another turn. Just smell them. Aren't they lovely? Eat them good now and then there is the tuna. Hard and cold and lovely. Don't be shy, fish. Eat them."

He waited with the line between his thumb and his finger, watching it and the other lines at the same time for the fish might have swum up or down. Then came the same delicate pulling touch again.

"He'll take it," the old man said aloud. "God help him to take it."

He did not take it though. He was gone and the old man felt nothing.

"He can't have gone," he said. "Christ knows he can't have gone. He's making a turn. Maybe he has been hooked before and he remembers something of it."

Then he felt the gentle touch on the line and he was happy.

"It was only his turn," he said. "He'll take it."

He was happy feeling the gentle pulling and then he felt something hard and unbelievably heavy. It was the weight of the fish and he let the line slip down, down, down, unrolling off the first of the two reserve coils. As it went down, slipping lightly through the old man's fingers, he still could feel the great weight, though the pressure of his thumb and finger were almost imperceptible.

"What a fish," he said. "He has it sideways in his mouth now and he is moving off with it."

Then he will turn and swallow it, he thought. He did not say that because he knew that if you said a good thing it might not happen. He knew what a huge fish this was and he thought of him moving away in the darkness with the tuna held crosswise in his mouth. At that moment he felt him stop moving but the weight was still there. Then the weight increased and he gave more line. He tightened the pressure of his thumb and finger for a moment and the weight increased and was going straight down.

"He's taken it," he said. "Now I'll let him eat it well."

He let the line slip through his fingers while he reached down with his left hand and made fast the free end of the two reserve coils to the loop of the two reserve coils of the next line. Now he was ready. He had three forty-fathom coils of line in reserve now, as well as the coil he was using.

"Eat it a little more," he said. "Eat it well."

Eat it so that the point of the hook goes into your heart and kills you, he thought. Come up easy and let me put the harpoon into you. All right. Are you ready? Have you been long enough at table?

"Now!" he said aloud and struck hard with both hands, gained a yard of line and then struck again and again, swinging with each arm alternately on the cord with all the strength of his arms and the pivoted weight of his body.

Nothing happened. The fish just moved away slowly and the old man could not raise him an inch. His line was strong and made for heavy fish and he held it against his back until it was so taut that beads of water were jumping from it. Then it began to make a slow hissing sound in the water and he still held it, bracing himself against the thwart and leaning back against the pull. The boat began to move slowly off toward the North-West.

The fish moved steadily and they travelled slowly on the calm water. The other baits were still in the water but there was nothing to be done.

"I wish I had the boy," the old man said aloud. "I'm being towed by a fish and I'm the towing bitt. I could make the line fast. But then he could break it. I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it. Thank God he is travelling and not going down."

What I will do if he decides to go down, I don't know. What I'll do if he sounds and dies I don't know. But I'll do something. There are plenty of things I can do.

He held the line against his back and watched its slant in the water and the skiff moving steadily to the North-West.

This will kill him, the old man thought. He can't do this forever. But four hours later the fish was still swimming steadily out to sea, towing the skiff, and the old man was still braced solidly with the line across his back.

"It was noon when I hooked him," he said. "And I have never seen him."

He had pushed his straw hat hard down on his head before he hooked the fish and it was cutting his forehead. He was thirsty too and he got down on his knees and, being careful not to jerk on the line, moved as far into the bow as he could get and reached the water bottle with one hand. He opened it and drank a little. Then he rested against the bow. He rested sitting on the un-stepped mast and sail and tried not to think but only to endure.

Then he looked behind him and saw that no land was visible. That makes no difference, he thought. I can always come in on the glow from Havana. There are two more hours before the sun sets and maybe he will come up before that. If he doesn't maybe he will come up with the moon. If he does not do that maybe he will come up with the sunrise. I have no cramps and I feel strong. It is he that has the hook in his mouth. But what a fish to pull like that. He must have his mouth shut tight on the wire. I wish I could see him. I wish I could see him only once to know what I have against me.



The fish never changed his course nor his direction all that night as far as the man could tell from watching the stars. It was cold after the sun went down and the old man's sweat dried cold on his back and his arms and his old legs. During the day he had taken the sack that covered the bait box and spread it in the sun to dry. After the sun went down he tied it around his neck so that it hung down over his back and he cautiously worked it down under the line that was across his shoulders now. The sack cushioned the line and he had found a way of leaning forward against the bow so that he was almost comfortable. The position actually was only somewhat less intolerable; but he thought of it as almost comfortable.

I can do nothing with him and he can do nothing with me, he thought. Not as long as he keeps this up.

Once he stood up and urinated over the side of the skiff and looked at the stars and checked his course. The line showed like a phosphorescent streak in the water straight out from his shoulders. They were moving more slowly now and the glow of Havana was not so strong, so that he knew the current must be carrying them to the eastward. If I lose the glare of Havana we must be going more to the eastward, he thought. For if the fish's course held true I must see it for many more hours. I wonder how the baseball came out in the grand leagues today, he thought. It would be wonderful to do this with a radio. Then he thought, think of it always. Think of what you are doing. You must do nothing stupid.

Then he said aloud, "I wish I had the boy. To help me and to see this."

No one should be alone in their old age, he thought. But it is unavoidable. I must remember to eat the tuna before he spoils in order to keep strong. Remember, no matter how little you want to, that you must eat him in the morning. Remember, he said to himself.

During the night two porpoise came around the boat and he could hear them rolling and blowing. He could tell the difference between the blowing noise the male made and the sighing blow of the female.

"They are good," he said. "They play and make jokes and love one another. They are our brothers like the flying fish."

Then he began to pity the great fish that he had hooked. He is wonderful and strange and who knows how old he is, he thought. Never have I had such a strong fish nor one who acted so strangely. Perhaps he is too wise to jump. He could ruin me by jumping or by a wild rush. But perhaps he has been hooked many times before and he knows that this is how he should make his fight. He cannot know that it is only one man against him, nor that it is an old man. But what a great fish he is and what he will bring in the market if the flesh is good. He took the bait like a male and he pulls like a male and his fight has no panic in it. I wonder if he has any plans or if he is just as desperate as I am?

He remembered the time he had hooked one of a pair of marlin. The male fish always let the female fish feed first and the hooked fish, the female, made a wild, panic-stricken, despairing fight that soon exhausted her, and all the time the male had stayed with her, crossing the line and circling with her on the surface. He had stayed so close that the old man was afraid he would cut the line with his tail which was sharp as a scythe and almost of that size and shape. When the old man had gaffed her and clubbed her, holding the rapier bill with its sandpaper edge and clubbing her across the top of her head until her colour turned to a colour almost like the backing of mirrors, and then, with the boy's aid, hoisted her aboard, the male fish had stayed by the side of the boat. Then, while the old man was clearing the lines and preparing the harpoon, the male fish jumped high into the air beside the boat to see where the female was and then went down deep, his lavender wings, that were his pectoral fins, spread wide and all his wide lavender stripes showing. He was beautiful, the old man remembered, and he had stayed.

That was the saddest thing I ever saw with them, the old man thought. The boy was sad too and we begged her pardon and butchered her promptly.

"I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and settled himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish through the line he held across his shoulders moving steadily toward whatever he had chosen.

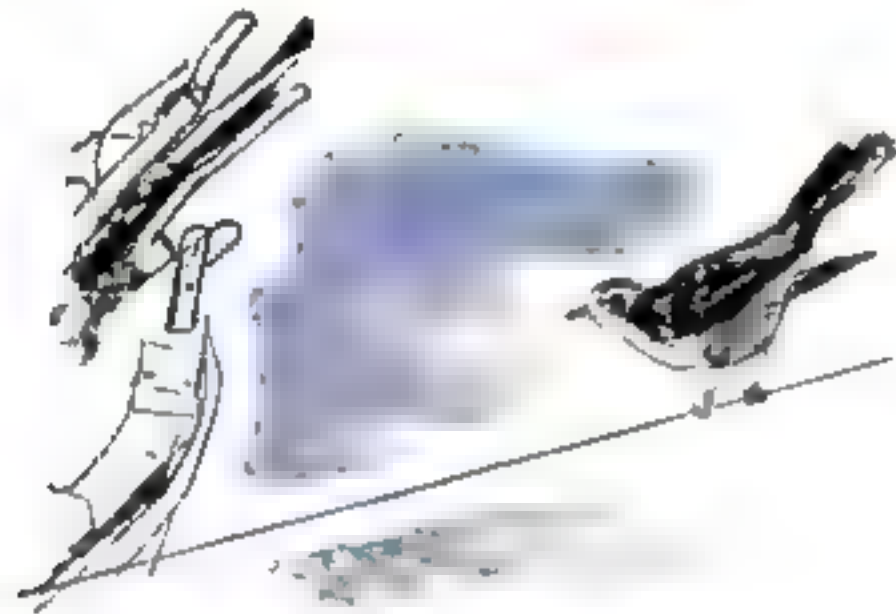
When once, through my treachery, it had been necessary to him to make a choice, the old man thought.

His choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world. Now we are joined together and have been since noon. And no one to help either one of us.

Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman, he thought. But that was the thing that I was born for. I must surely remember to eat the tuna after it gets light.

Some time before daylight something took one of the baits that were behind him. He heard the stick break and the line begin to rush out over the gunwale of the skiff. In the darkness he loosened his sheath knife and taking all the strain of the fish on his left shoulder he leaned back and cut the line against the wood of the gunwale. Then he cut the other line closest to him and in the dark made the loose ends of the reserve coils fast. He worked skillfully with the one hand and put his foot on the coils to hold them as he drew his knots tight. Now he had six reserve coils of line. There were two from each bait he had severed and the two from the bait the fish had taken and they were all connected.

After it is light, he thought, I will work back to the forty-



fathom bait and cut it away too and link up the reserve coils. I will have lost two hundred fathoms of good Catalan *cordel* and the hooks and leaders. That can be replaced. But who replaces this fish if I hook some fish and it cuts him off? I don't know what that fish was that took the bait just now. It could have been a marlin or a broad-bill or a shark. I never felt him. I had to get rid of him too fast.

Aloud he said, "I wish I had the boy."

But you haven't got the boy, he thought. You have only yourself and you had better work back to the last line now, in the dark or not in the dark, and cut it away and hook up the two reserve coils.

So he did it. It was difficult in the dark and once the fish made a surge that pulled him down on his face and made a cut below his eye. The blood ran down his cheek a little way. But it coagulated and dried before it reached his chin and he worked his way back to the bow and rested against the wood. He adjusted the sack and carefully worked the line so that it came across a new part of his shoulders and, holding it anchored with his shoulders, he carefully felt the pull of the fish and then felt with his hand the progress of the skiff through the water.

I wonder what he made that lurch for, he thought. The wire must have slipped on the great hill of his back. Certainly his back cannot feel as badly as mine does. But he cannot pull this skiff forever, no matter how great he is. Now everything is cleared away that might make trouble and I have a big reserve of line; all that a man can ask.

"Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

He'll stay with me too, I suppose, the old man thought and he waited for it to be light. It was cold now in the time before daylight and he pushed against the wood to be warm. I can do it as long as he can, he thought. And in the first light the line extended out and down into the water. The boat moved steadily and when the first edge of the sun rose it was on the old man's right shoulder.

"He's headed north," the old man said. The current will have

set us far to the eastward, he thought. I wish he would turn with the current. That would show that he was tiring.

When the sun had risen further the old man realized that the fish was not tiring. There was only one favorable sign. The slant of the line showed he was swimming at a lesser depth. That did not necessarily mean that he would jump. But he might.

"God let him jump," the old man said. "I have enough line to handle him."

Maybe if I can increase the tension just a little it will hurt him and he will jump, he thought. Now that it is daylight let him jump so that he'll fill the sacks along his backbone with air and then he cannot go deep to die.

He tried to increase the tension, but the line had been taut up to the very edge of the breaking point since he had hooked the fish and he felt the harshness as he leaned back to pull and knew he could put no more strain on it. I must not jerk it ever, he thought. Each jerk widens the cut the hook makes and then when he does jump he might throw it. Anyway I feel better with the sun and for once I do not have to look into it.

There was yellow weed on the line but the old man knew that only made an added drag and he was pleased. It was the yellow Gulf weed that had made so much phosphorescence in the night.

"Fish," he said, "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends."

Let us hope so, he thought.

A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.

The bird made the stern of the boat and rested there. Then he flew around the old man's head and rested on the line where he was more comfortable.

"How old are you?" the old man asked the bird. "Is this your first trip?"

The bird looked at him when he spoke. He was too tired even to examine the line and he teetered on it as his delicate feet gripped it fast.

"It's steady," the old man told him. "It's too steady. You shouldn't be that tired after a windless night. What are birds coming to?"

The hawks, he thought, that come out to sea to meet them. But he said nothing of this to the bird who could not understand him anyway and who would learn about the hawks soon enough.

"Take a good rest, small bird," he said. "Then go in and take your chance like any man or bird or fish."

It encouraged him to talk because his back had stiffened in the night and it hurt truly now.

"Stay at my house if you like, bird," he said. "I am sorry I cannot hoist the sail and take you in with the small breeze that is rising. But I am with a friend."

Just then the fish gave a sudden lurch that pulled the old man down onto the bow and would have pulled him overboard if he had not braced himself and given some line.

The bird had flown up when the line jerked and the old man had not even seen him go. He felt the line carefully with his right hand and noticed his hand was bleeding.

"Something hurt him then," he said aloud and pulled back on the line to see if he could turn the fish. But when he was touching the breaking point he held steady and settled back against the strain of the line.

"You're feeling it now, fish," he said. "And so, God knows, am I."

He looked around for the bird now because he would have liked him for company. The bird was gone.

You did not stay long, the man thought. But it is rougher where you are going until you make the shore. How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength.

"I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," he said aloud.

Shifting the weight of the line to his left shoulder and kneeling carefully he washed his hand in the ocean and held it there, sub-



merged, for more than a minute watching the blood trail away and the steady movement of the water against his hand as the boat moved.

"He has slowed much," he said.

The old man would have liked to keep his hand in the salt water longer but he was afraid of another sudden lurch by the fish and he stood up and braced himself and held his hand up against the sun. It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand. He knew he would need his hands before this was over and he did not like to be cut before it started.

"Now," he said, when his hand had dried, "I must eat the small tuna. I can reach him with the gaff and eat him here in comfort."

He knelt down and found the tuna under the stern with the gaff and drew it toward him keeping it clear of the coiled lines. Holding the line with his left shoulder again, and bracing on his left hand and arm, he took the tuna off the gaff hook and put the gaff back in place. He put one knee on the fish and cut strips of dark red meat longitudinally from the back of the head to the tail. They were wedge-shaped strips and he cut them from next to the back bone down to the edge of the belly. When he had cut six strips he spread them out on the wood of the bow, wiped his knife on his trousers, and lifted the carcass of the bonito by the tail and dropped it overboard.

"I don't think I can eat an entire one," he said and drew his knife across one of the strips. He could feel the steady hard pull of the line and his left hand was cramped. It drew up tight on the heavy cord and he looked at it in disgust.

"What kind of a hand is that," he said. "Cramp then if you want. Make yourself into a claw. It will do you no good."

Come on, he thought and looked down into the dark water at the slant of the line. Eat it now and it will strengthen the hand. It is not the hand's fault and you have been many hours with the fish. But you can stay with him forever. Eat the bonito now.

He picked up a piece and put it in his mouth and chewed it slowly. It was not unpleasant.

Chew it well, he thought, and get all the juices. It would not be bad to eat with a little lime or with lemon or with salt.

"How do you feel, hand?" he asked the cramped hand that was

almost as stiff as rigor mortis. "I'll eat some more for you."

He ate the other part of the piece that he had cut in two. He chewed it carefully and then spat out the skin.

"How does it go, hand? Or is it too early to know?"

He took another full piece and chewed it.

"It is a strong full-blooded fish," he thought. "I was lucky to get him instead of dolphin. Dolphin is too sweet. This is hardly sweet at all and all the strength is still in it."

There is no sense in being anything but practical though, he thought. I wish I had some salt. And I do not know whether the sun will rot or dry what is left, so I had better eat it all although I am not hungry. The fish is calm and steady. I will eat it all and then I will be ready.

"Be patient, hand," he said. "I do this for you."

I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother. But I must kill him and keep strong to do it. Slowly and conscientiously he ate all of the wedge-shaped strips of fish.

He straightened up, wiping his hand on his trousers.

"Now," he said. "You can let the cord go, hand, and I will handle him with the right arm alone until you stop that nonsense." He put his left foot on the heavy line that the left hand had held and lay back against the pull against his back.

"God help me to have the cramp go," he said. "Because I do not know what the fish is going to do."

But he seems calm, he thought, and following his plan. But what is his plan, he thought. And what is mine? Mine I must improvise to his because of his great size. If he will jump I can kill him. But he stays down forever. Then I will stay down with him forever.

He rubbed the cramped hand against his trousers and tried to gentle the fingers. But it would not open. Maybe it will open with the sun, he thought. Maybe it will open when the strong raw tuna is digested. If I have to have it, I will open it, cost whatever it costs. But I do not want to open it now by force. Let it open by itself and come back of its own accord. After all I abused it much in the night when it was necessary to free and unite the various lines.

He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line stretching

ahead and the strange undulation of the calm. The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring, then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea.

He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat and knew they were right in the months of sudden bad weather. But now they were in hurricane months and, when there are no hurricanes, the weather of hurricane months is the best of all the year.

If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead, if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for, he thought. The land must make a difference too, in the shape of the clouds. But we have no hurricane coming now.

He looked at the sky and saw the white cumulus built like friendly piles of ice cream and high above were the thin feathers of the cirrus against the high September sky.

"Light brisa," he said. "Better weather for me than for you, fish."

His left hand was still cramped, but he was unknotting it slowly.

I hate a cramp, he thought. It is a treachery of one's own body. It is humiliating before others to have a diarrhoea from ptomaine poisoning or to vomit from it. But a cramp, he thought of it as a *calambre*, humiliates oneself especially when one is alone.

If the boy were here he could rub it for me and loosen it down from the forearm, he thought. But it will loosen up.

Then, with his right hand he felt the difference in the pull of the line before he saw the slant change in the water. Then, as he leaned against the line and slapped his left hand hard and fast against his thigh he saw the line slanting slowly upward.

"He's coming up," he said. "Come on hand. Please come on."

The line rose slowly and steadily and then the surface of the ocean bulged ahead of the boat and the fish came out. He came out unendingly and water poured from his sides. He was bright in the sun and his head and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his sides showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a diver and the old man saw the great scythe-blade of his tail go under and the line commenced to race out.

"He is two feet longer than the skiff," the old man said. The line was going out fast but steadily and the fish was not panicked. The old man was trying with both hands to keep the line just inside of breaking strength. He knew that if he could not slow the fish with a steady pressure the fish could take out all the line and break it.

He is a great fish and I must convince him, he thought. I must never let him learn his strength nor what he could do if he made his run. If I were him I would put in everything now and go until something broke. But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able.

The old man had seen many great fish. He had seen many that weighed more than a thousand pounds and he had caught two of that size in his life, but never alone. Now alone, and out of sight of land, he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of, and his left hand was still as tight as the gripped claws of an eagle.

It will uncramp though, he thought. Surely it will uncramp to help my right hand. There are three things that are brothers: the fish and my two hands. It must uncramp. It is unworthy of it to be cramped. The fish had slowed again and was going at his usual pace.

I wonder why he jumped, the old man thought. He jumped almost as though to show me how big he was. I know now, anyway, he thought. I wish I could show him what sort of man I am. But then he would see the cramped hand. Let him think I am more man than I am and I will be so. I wish I was the fish, he thought, with everything he has against only my will and my intelligence.

He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came and the fish swam steadily and the boat moved slowly through the dark water. There was a small sea rising with the wind coming up from the east and at noon the old man's left hand was uncramped.

"Bad news for you, fish," he said and shifted the line over the sacks that covered his shoulders.

He was comfortable but suffering, although he did not admit the suffering at all.

"I am not religious," he said. "But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgen de Cobre if I catch him. That is a promise."

He commenced to say his prayers mechanically. Sometimes he would be so tired that he could not remember the prayer and then he would say them fast so that they would come automatically. Hail Marys are easier to say than Our Fathers, he thought.

"Hail Mary full of Grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Then he added, "Blessed Virgen, pray for the death of this fish. Wonderful though he is."

With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but suffering exactly as much, and perhaps a little more, he leaned against the wood of the bow and began, mechanically, to work the fingers of his left hand.

The sun was hot now although the breeze was rising gently.

"I had better re-bait that little line out over the stern," he said. "If the fish decides to stay another night I will need to eat again and the water is low in the bottle. I don't think I can get anything but a dolphin here. But if I eat him fresh enough he won't be bad. I wish a flying fish would come on board tonight. But I have no light to attract them. A flying fish is excellent to eat raw and I would not have to cut him up. I must save all my strength now. Christ, I did not know he was so big."

"I'll kill him though," he said. "In all his greatness and his glory."

Although it is unjust, he thought. But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures.

"I told the boy I was a strange old man," he said. "Now is when I must prove it."

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it.

I wish he'd sleep and I could sleep and dream about the lions, he thought. Why are the lions the main thing that is left? Don't think, old man, he said to himself. Rest gently now against the wood and think of nothing. He is working. Work as little as you can.

It was getting into the afternoon and the boat still moved slowly and steadily. But there was an added drag now from the easterly breeze and the old man rode gently with the small sea and the hurt of the cord across his back came to him easily and smoothly. Once in the afternoon the line started to rise again. But the fish only continued to swim at a slightly higher level. The sun was on the old man's left arm and shoulder and on his back. So he knew the fish had turned east of north.

Now that he had seen him once, he could picture the fish swimming in the water with his purple pectoral fins set wide as wings and the great erect tail slicing through the dark. I wonder how much he sees at that depth, the old man thought. His eye is huge and a horse, with much less eye, can see in the dark. Once I could see quite well in the dark. Not in the absolute dark. But almost as a cat sees.



The sun and his steady movement of his fingers had uncramped his left hand now completely and he began to shift more of the strain to it and he shrugged the muscles of his back to shift the hurt of the cord a little.

"If you're not tired, fish," he said aloud, "you must be very strange."

He felt very tired now and he knew the night would come soon and he tried to think of other things. He thought of the Big Leagues, to him they were the *Gran Ligas*, and he knew that the Yankees of New York were playing the *Tiger* of Detroit.

This is the second day now that I do not know the result of the *juegos*, he thought. But I must have confidence and I must be worthy of the great DiMaggio who does all things perfectly even with the pain of the bone spur in his heel. What is a bone spur? he asked himself. *Un espuela de hueso*. We do not have them. Can it be as painful as the spur of a fighting cock in one's heel? I do not think I could endure that or the loss of the eye and of both eyes and continue to fight as the fighting cocks do. Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts. Still I would rather be that beast down there in the darkness of the sea.

"Unless sharks come," he said aloud. "If sharks come, God pity him and me."

Do you believe the great DiMaggio would stay with a fish as long as I will stay with this one? he thought. I am sure he would and more since he is young and strong. Also his father was a fisherman. But would the bone spur hurt him too much?

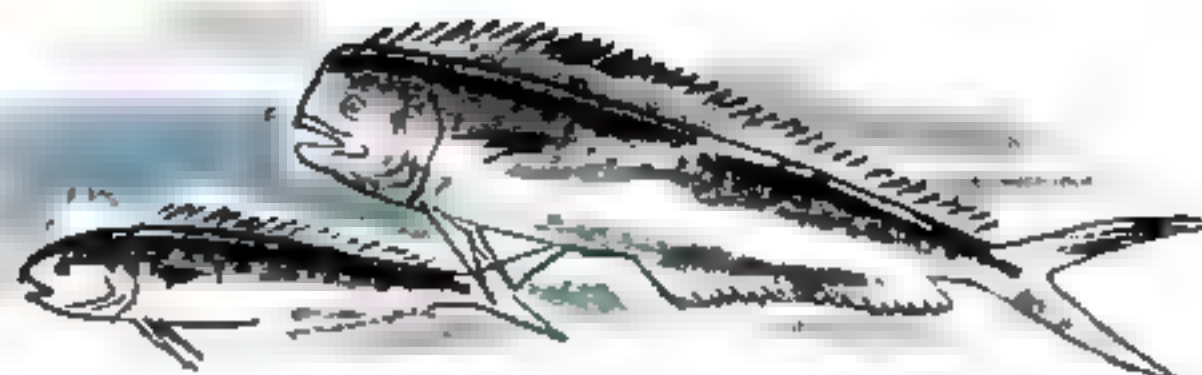
"I do not know," he said aloud. "I never had a bone spur."

As the sun set he remembered, to give himself more confidence, the time in the tavern at Casablanca when he had played the hand game with the great negro from Cienfuegos who was the strongest man on the docks. They had gone one day and one night with their elbows on a chalk line on the table and their forearms straight up and their hands gripped tight. Each one was trying to force the other's hand down onto the table. There was much betting and people went in and out of the room under the kerosene lights and he had looked at the arm and hand of the negro and at the negro's face. They changed the referees every four hours after the first eight so that the referees could sleep. Blood came out from under the fingernails of both his and the negro's hands and they looked each other in the eye and at their hands and forearms and the bettors went in and out of the room and sat on high chairs against the wall and watched. The walls were painted bright blue and were of wood and the lamps threw their shadows against them. The negro's shadow was huge and it moved on the wall as the breeze moved the lamps.

The odds would change back and forth all night and they fed the negro rum and lighted cigarettes for him. Then the negro, after the rum, would try for a tremendous effort and once he had the old man, who was not an old man then but was Santiago *El Campeón*, nearly three inches off balance. But the old man had raised his hand up to dead even again. He was sure then that he had the negro, who was a fine man and a great athlete, beaten. And at daylight when the bettors were asking that it be called a draw and the referee was shaking his head, he had unleashed his effort and forced the hand of the negro down and down until it rested on the wood. The match had started on a Sunday morning and ended on a Monday morning. Many of the bettors had asked for a draw because they had to go to work on the docks loading sacks of sugar or at the Havana Coal Company. Otherwise everyone would have wanted it to go to a finish. But he had finished it anyway and before anyone had to go to work.

For a long time after that everyone had called him The Champion and there had been a return match in the spring. But not much money was bet and he had won it quite easily since he had broken the confidence of the negro from Cienfuegos in the first match. After that he had a few matches and then no more. He decided that he could beat anyone if he wanted to badly enough and he decided that it was bad for his right hand for fishing. He had tried a few practice matches with his left hand. But his left hand had always been a traitor and would not do what he called on it to do and he did not trust it.

The sun will bake it out well now, he thought. It should not cramp on me again unless it gets too cold in the night. I wonder what this night will bring.



An airplane passed over head on its course to Miami and he watched its shadow scaring up the schools of flying fish.

"With so much flying fish there should be dolphin," he said, and leaned back on the line to see if it was possible to gain any on his fish. But he could not and it stayed at the hardness and water-drop shivering that preceded breaking. The boat moved ahead slowly and he watched the airplane until he could no longer see it.

It must be very strange in an airplane, he thought. I wonder what the sea looks like from that height? They should be able to see the fish well if they do not fly too high. I would like to fly very slowly at two hundred fathoms high and see the fish from above. In the turtle boats I was in the cross-trees of the mast-head and even at that height I saw much. The dolphin look greener from there and you can see their stripes and their purple spots and you can see all of the school as they swim. Why is it that all the fast-moving fish of the dark current have purple backs and usually purple stripes or spots? The dolphin looks green of course because he is really golden. But when he comes to feed, truly hungry, purple stripes show on his sides as on a marlin. Can it be anger, or the greater speed he makes that brings them out?

Just before it was dark, as they passed a great island of Sargasso weed that heaved and swung in the light sea as though the ocean were making love with something under a yellow blanket, his small line was taken by a dolphin. He saw it first when it jumped in the air, true gold in the last of the sun and bending and flapping wildly in the air. It jumped again and again in the acrobatics of its fear and he worked his way back to the stern and crouching and holding the big line with his right hand and arm, he pulled the dolphin in with his left hand, stepping on the gained line each time with his bare left foot. When the fish was at the stern, plunging and cutting from side to side in desperation, the old man leaned over the stern and lifted the burnished gold fish with its purple spots over the stern. Its jaws were working convulsively in quick bites against the hook and it pounded the bottom of the skiff with its long flat body, its tail and its head until he clubbed it across the shining golden head until it shivered and was still.

The old man unhooked the fish, rebaited the line with another sardine and tossed it over. Then he worked his way slowly back to the bow. He washed his left hand and wiped it on his trousers. Then he shifted the heavy line from his right hand to his left and washed his right hand in the sea while he watched the sun go into the ocean and the slant of the big cord.

"He hasn't changed at all," he said. But watching the movement of the water against his hand he noted that it was perceptibly slower.

"I'll lash the two oars together across the stern and that will slow him in the night," he said. "He's good for the night and so am I."

It would be better to gut the dolphin a little later to save the blood in the meat, he thought. I can do that a little later and lash the oars to make a drag at the same time. I had better keep the fish quiet now and not disturb him too much at sunset. The setting of the sun is a difficult time for all fish.

He let his hand dry in the air then grasped the line with it and eased himself as much as he could and allowed himself to be pulled forward against the wood so that the boat took the strain as much, or more, than he did.

I'm learning how to do it, he thought. This part of it anyway. Then too, remember he hasn't eaten since he took the bait and he is huge and needs much food. I have eaten the whole bonito. Tomorrow I will eat the dolphin. He called it *dorado*. Perhaps I should eat some of it when I clean it. It will be harder to eat than the bonito. But, then, nothing is easy.

"How do you feel, fish?" he asked aloud. "I feel good and my left hand is better and I have food for a night and a day. Pull the boat, fish."

He did not truly feel good because the pain from the cord across

his back had almost passed pain and gone into a dullness that he mistrusted. But I have had worse things than that, he thought. My hand is only cut a little and the cramp is gone from the other. My legs are all right. Also now I have gained on him in the question of sustenance.

It was dark now as it becomes dark quickly after the sun sets in September. He lay against the worn wood of the bow and rested all that he could. The first stars were out. He did not know the name of Rigel but he saw it and knew soon they would all be out and he would have all his distant friends.

"The fish is my friend too," he said aloud. "I have never seen or heard of such a fish. But I must kill him. I am glad we do not have to try to kill the stars."

Imagine if each day a man must try to kill the moon, he thought. The moon runs away. But imagine if a man each day should have to try to kill the sun? We were born lucky, he thought.

Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him. How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behaviour and his great dignity.

I do not understand these things, he thought. But it is good that we do not have to try to kill the sun or the moon or the stars. It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers.

Now, he thought, I must think about the drag. It has its perils and its merits. I may lose so much line that I will lose him, if he makes his effort and the drag made by the oars is in place and the boat loses all her lightness. Her lightness prolongs both our suffering but it is my safety since he has great speed that he has never yet employed. No matter what passes I must gut the dolphin so he does not spoil and eat some of him to be strong.

Now I will rest an hour more and feel that he is solid and steady before I move back to the stern to do the work and make the decision. In the meantime I can see how he acts and if he shows any changes. The oars are a good trick; but it has reached the time to play for safety. He is much fish still and I saw that the hook was in the corner of his mouth and he has kept his mouth tight shut. The punishment of the hook is nothing. The punishment of hunger, and that he is against something that he does not comprehend, is everything. Rest now, old man, and let him work until your next duty comes.

He rested for what he believed to be two hours. The moon did not rise now until late and he had no way of judging the time. Nor was he really resting except comparatively. He was still bearing the pull of the fish across his shoulders but he placed his left hand on the gunwale of the bow and confided more and more of the resistance to the fish to the skiff itself.

How simple it would be if I could make the line fast, he thought. But with one small lurch he could break it. I must cushion the pull of the line with my body and at all times be ready to give line with both hands.

"But you have not slept yet, old man," he said aloud. "It is half a day and a night and now another day and you have not slept. You must devise a way so that you sleep a little if he is quiet and steady. If you do not sleep you might become unclear in the head."

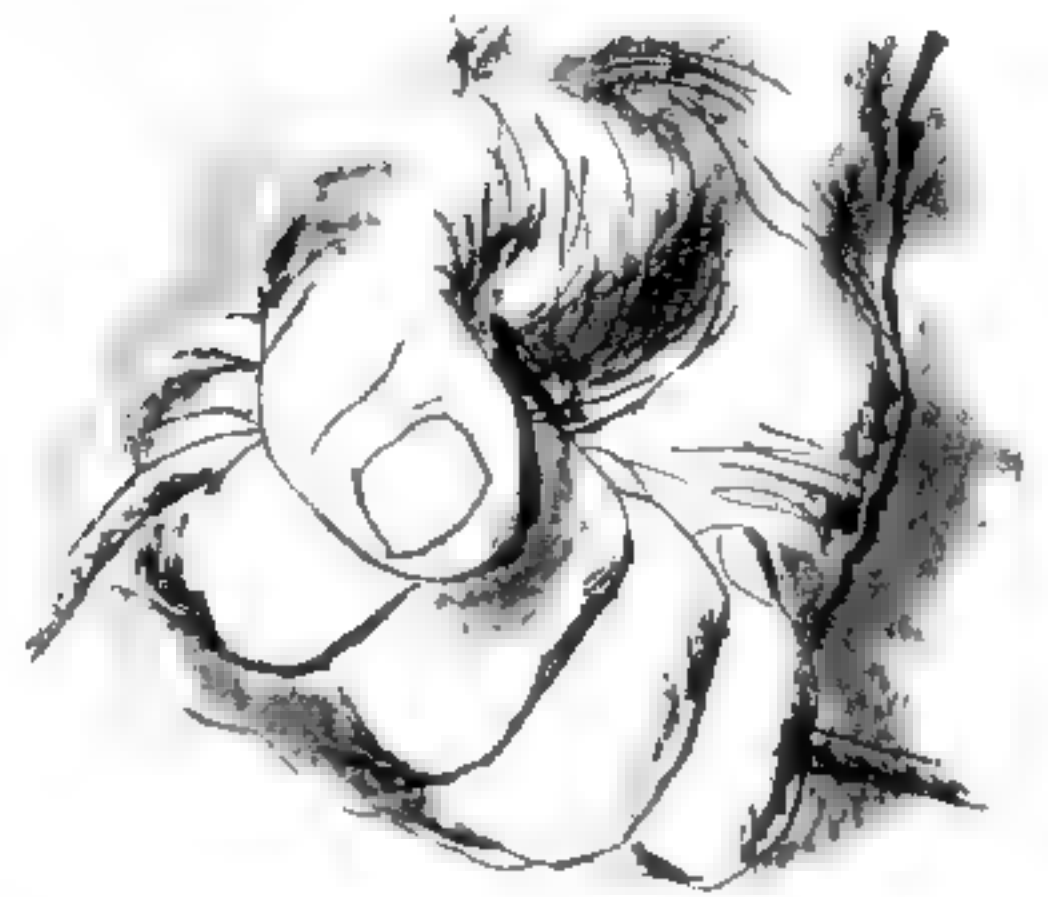
I'm clear enough in the head, he thought. Too clear. I am as clear as the stars that are my brothers. Still I must sleep. They sleep and the moon and the sun sleep and even the ocean sleeps sometimes on certain days when there is no current and a flat calm.

But remember to sleep, he thought. Make yourself do it and devise some simple and sure way about the lines. Now go back and prepare the dolphin. It is too dangerous to rig the oars as a drag if you must sleep.

I could go without sleeping, he told himself. But it would be too dangerous.

He started to work his way back to the stern on his hands and knees, being careful not to jerk against the fish. He may be half asleep himself, he thought. But I do not want him to rest. He must pull until he dies.

Back in the stern he turned so that his left hand held the strain of the line across his shoulders and drew his knife from its sheath with his right hand. The stars were bright now and he saw the dolphin clearly and he pushed the blade of his knife into his head and



drew him out from under the stern. He put one of his feet on the fish and slit him quickly from the vent up to the tip of his lower jaw. Then he put his knife down and gutted him with his right hand, scooping him clean and pulling the gills clear. He felt the maw heavy and slippery in his hands and he slit it open. There were two flying fish inside. They were fresh and hard and he laid them side by side and dropped the guts and the gills over the stern. They sank leaving a trail of phosphorescence in the water. The dolphin was cold and a leprous gray-white now in the starlight and the old man skinned one side of him while he held his right foot on the fish's head. Then he turned him over and skinned the other side and cut each side off from the head down to the tail.

He slid the carcass overboard and looked to see if there was any swirl in the water. But there was only the light of its slow descent. He turned then and placed the two flying fish inside the two fillets of fish and putting his knife back in its sheath, he worked his way slowly back to the bow. His back was bent with the weight of the line across it and he carried the fish in his right hand.

Back in the bow he laid the two fillets of fish out on the wood with the flying fish beside them. After that he settled the line across his shoulders in a new place and held it again with his left hand resting on the gunwale. Then he leaned over the side and washed the flying fish in the water, noting the speed of the water against his hand. His hand was phosphorescent from skinning the fish and he watched the flow of the water against it. The flow was less strong and as he rubbed the side of his hand against the planking of the skiff, particles of phosphorus floated off and drifted slowly astern.

"He is tiring or he is resting," the old man said. "Now let me get through the eating of this dolphin and get some rest and a little sleep."

Under the stars and with the night colder all the time he ate half of one of the dolphin fillets and one of the flying fish, gutted and with its head cut off.

"What an excellent fish dolphin is to eat cooked," he said. "And what a miserable fish raw. I will never go in a boat again without salt or limes."

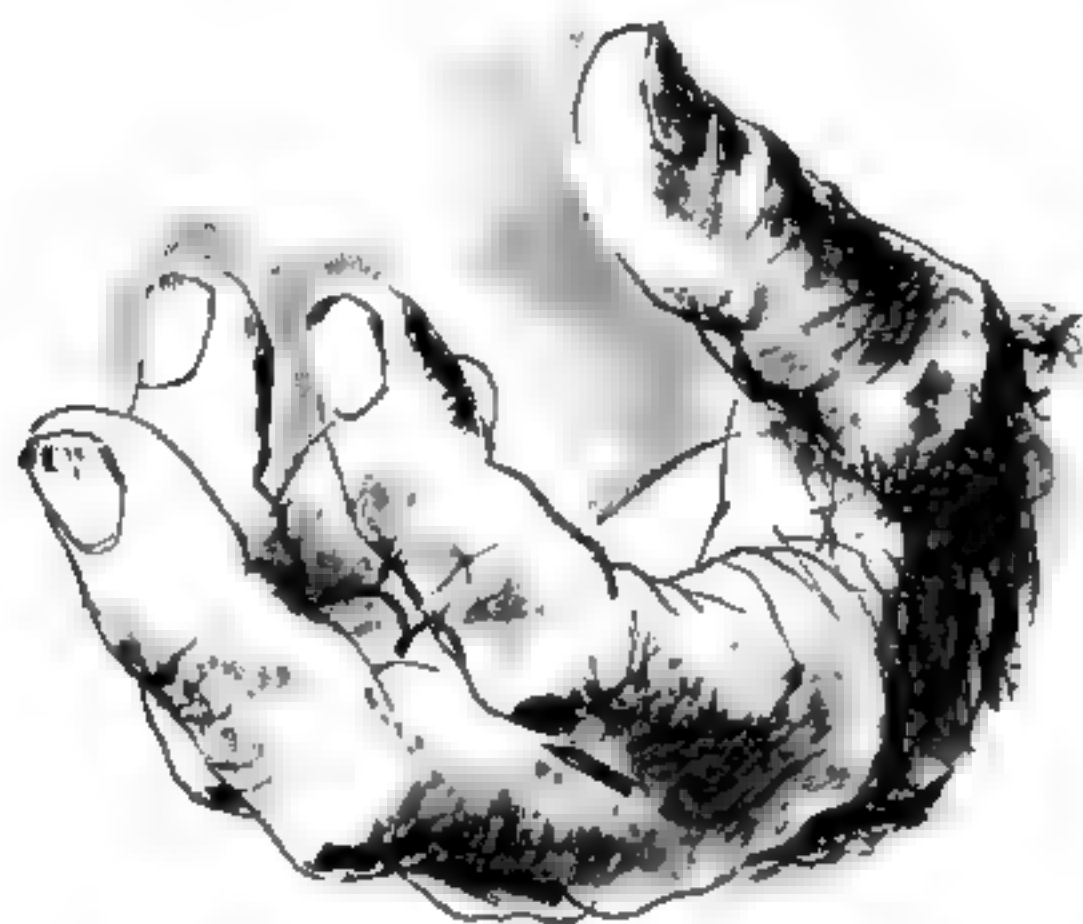
If I had brains I would have splashed water on the bow all day and drying, it would have made salt, he thought. But then I did not hook the dolphin until almost sunset. Still it was a lack of preparation. But I have chewed it all well and I am not nauseated.

The sky was clouding over to the east and one after another the stars he knew were gone. It looked now as though he were moving into a great canyon of clouds and the wind had dropped.

"There will be bad weather in three or four days," he said. "But not tonight and not tomorrow. Rig now to get some sleep, old man, while the fish is calm and steady."

He held the line tight in his right hand and then pushed his thigh against his right hand as he leaned all his weight against the wood of the bow. Then he passed the line a little lower on his shoulders and braced his left hand on it.

My right hand can hold it as long as it is braced, he thought. If it relaxes in sleep my left hand will wake me as the line goes out. It is hard on the right hand. But he is used to punishment. Even if I sleep twenty minutes or a half an hour it is good. He lay forward cramping himself against the line with all of his body, putting all his weight onto his right hand, and he was asleep.



He did not dream of the lions but instead of a vast school of porpoises that stretched for eight or ten miles and it was in the time of their mating and they would leap high into the air and return into the same hole they had made in the water when they leaped.

Then he dreamed that he was in the village on his bed and there was a norther and he was very cold and his right arm was asleep because his head had rested on it instead of a pillow.

After that he began to dream of the long yellow beach and he saw the first of the lions come down onto it in the early dark and then the other lions came and he rested his chin on the wood of the bows where the ship lay anchored with the evening off-shore breeze and he waited to see if there would be more lions and he was happy.

The moon had been up for a long time but he slept on and the fish pulled on steadily and the boat moved into the tunnel of clouds.

He woke with the jerk of his right fist coming up against his face and the line burning out through his right hand. He had no feeling of his left hand but he braked all he could with his right and the line rushed out. Finally his left hand found the line and he leaned back against the line and now it burned his back and his left hand, and his left hand was taking all the strain and cutting badly. He looked back at the coils of line and they were feeding smoothly. Just then the fish jumped making a great bursting of the ocean and then a heavy fall. Then he jumped again and again and the boat was going fast although line was still racing out and the old man was raising the strain to breaking point and raising it to breaking point again and again. He had been pulled down tight onto the bow and his face was in the cut slice of dolphin and he could not move.

This is what we waited for, he thought. So now let us take it.

Make him pay for the line, he thought. Make him pay for it.

He could not see the fish's jumps but only heard the breaking of the ocean and the heavy splash as he fell. The speed of the line was cutting his hands badly but he had always known this would happen and he tried to keep the cutting across the calloused parts and not let the line slip into the palm nor cut the fingers.

If the boy was here he would wet the coils of line, he thought. Yes. If the boy were here. If the boy were here.

The line went out and out and out but it was slowing now and he was making the fish earn each inch of it. Now he got his head up from the wood and out of the slice of fish that his cheek had crushed. Then he was on his knees and then he rose slowly to his feet. He was ceding line but more slowly all the time. He worked back to where he could feel with his foot the coils of line that he could not see. There was plenty of line still and now the fish had to pull the friction of all that new line through the water.

Yes, he thought. And now he has jumped more than a dozen times and filled the sacks along his back with air and he cannot go down deep to die where I cannot bring him up. He will start circling soon and then I must work on him. I wonder what started him so suddenly? Could it have been hunger that made him desperate, or was he frightened by something in the night? Maybe he suddenly felt fear. But he was such a calm, strong fish and he seemed so fearless and so confident. It is strange.

"You better be fearless and confident yourself, old man," he said. "You're holding him again but you cannot get line. But soon he has to circle."

The old man held him with his left hand and his shoulders now

and stooped down and scooped up water in his right hand to get the crushed dolphin flesh off his face. He was afraid that it might nauseate him and he would vomit and lose his strength. When his face was cleaned he washed his right hand in the water over the side and then let it stay in the salt water while he watched the first light come before the sunrise. He's headed almost east, he thought. That means he is tired and going with the current. Soon he will have to circle. Then our true work begins.

After he judged that his right hand had been in the water long enough he took it out and looked at it.

"It is not bad," he said. "And pain does not matter to a man."

He took hold of the line carefully so that it did not fit into any of the fresh line cuts and shifted his weight so that he could put his left hand into the sea on the other side of the skiff.

"You did not do so badly for something worthless," he said to his left hand. "But there was a moment when I could not find you."

Why was I not born with two good hands? he thought. Perhaps it was my fault in not training that one properly. But God knows he has had enough chances to learn. He did not do so badly in the night, though, and he has only cramped once. If he cramps again let the line cut him off.

When he thought that he knew that he was not being clear-headed and he thought he should chew some more of the dolphin. But I can't, he told himself. It is better to be light-headed than to lose your strength from nausea. And I know I cannot keep it if I eat it since my face was in it. I will keep it for an emergency until it goes bad. But it is too late to try for strength now through nourishment. You're stupid, he told himself. Eat the other flying fish.

It was there, cleaned and ready, and he picked it up with his left hand and ate it chewing the bones carefully and eating all of it down to the tail.

It has more nourishment than almost any fish, he thought. At least the kind of strength that I need. Now I have done what I can, he thought. Let him begin to circle and let the fight come.

The sun was rising for the third time since he had put to sea when the fish started to circle.

He could not see by the slant of the line that the fish was circling. It was too early for that. He just felt a faint slackening of the pressure of the line and he commenced to pull on it gently with his right hand. It tightened, as always, but just when he reached the point where it would break, line began to come in. He slipped his shoulders and head from under the line and began to pull in line steadily and gently. He used both of his hands in a swinging motion and tried to do the pulling as much as he could with his body and his legs. His old legs and shoulders pivoted with the swinging of the pulling.

"It is a very big circle," he said. "But he is circling."

Then the line would not come in any more and he held it until he saw the drops jumping from it in the sun. Then it started out and the old man knelt down and let it go grudgingly back into the dark water.

"He is making the far part of his circle now," he said. I must hold all I can, he thought. The strain will shorten his circle each time. Perhaps in an hour I will see him. Now I must convince him and then I must kill him.

But the fish kept on circling slowly and the old man was wet with sweat and tired deep into his bones two hours later. But the circles were much shorter now and from the way the line slanted he could tell the fish had risen steadily while he swam.

For an hour the old man had been seeing black spots before his eyes and the sweat salted his eyes and salted the cut over his eye and on his forehead. He was not afraid of the black spots. They were normal at the tension that he was pulling on the line. Twice, though, he had felt faint and dizzy and that had worried him.

"I could not fail myself and die on a fish like this," he said. "Now that I have him coming so beautifully, God help me endure. I'll say a hundred Our Fathers and a hundred Hail Marys. But I cannot say them now."

Consider them said, he thought. I'll say them later.

Just then he felt a sudden banging and jerking on the line he held with his two hands. It was sharp and hard-feeling and heavy.

He is hitting the wire leader with his spear, he thought. That was bound to come. He had to do that. It may make him jump

though and I would rather he stayed circling now. The jumps were necessary for him to take air. But after that each one can widen the opening of the hook wound and he can throw the hook.

"Don't jump, fish," he said. "Don't jump."

The fish hit the wire several times more and each time he shook his head the old man gave up a little line.

I must hold his pain where it is, he thought. Mine does not matter. I can control mine. But his pain could drive him mad.

After a while the fish stopped beating at the wire and started circling slowly again. The old man was gaining line steadily now. But he felt faint again. He lifted some sea water with his left hand and put it on his head. Then he put more on and rubbed the back of his neck.

"I have no cramps," he said. "He'll be up soon and I can last. You have to last. Don't even speak of it."

He knelt against the bow and, for a moment, slipped the line over his back again. I'll rest now while he goes out on the circle and then stand up and work on him when he comes in, he decided.

It was a great temptation to rest in the bow and let the fish make one circle by himself without recovering any line. But when the strain showed the fish had turned to come toward the boat, the old man rose to his feet and started the pivoting and the weaving pulling that brought in all the line he gained.

I'm tireder than I have ever been, he thought, and now the trade wind is rising. But that will be good to take him in with. I need that badly.

"I'll rest on the next turn as he goes out," he said. "I feel much better. Then in two or three turns more I will have him."

His straw hat was far on the back of his head and he sank down into the bow with the pull of the line as he felt the fish turn.

You work now, fish, he thought. I'll take you at the turn.

The sea had risen considerably. But it was a fair-weather breeze and he had to have it to get home.

"I'll just steer south and west," he said. "A man is never lost at sea and it is a long island."

It was on the third turn that he saw the fish first.

He saw him first as a dark shadow that took so long to pass under the boat that he could not believe its length.

"No," he said. "He can't be that big."

But he was that big and at the end of this circle he came to the surface only thirty yards away and the man saw his tail out of water. It was higher than a big scythe blade and a very pale lavender above the dark blue water. It raked back and as the fish swam just below the surface the old man could see his huge bulk and the purple stripes that banded him. His dorsal fin was down and his huge pectorals were spread wide.

On this circle the old man could see the fish's eye and the two gray sucking fish that swam around him. Sometimes they attached themselves to him. Sometimes they darted off. Sometimes they would swim easily in his shadow. They were each over three feet long and when they swam fast they lashed their whole bodies like eels.

The old man was sweating now but from something else besides the sun. On each calm placid turn the fish made he was gaining line and he was sure that in two turns more he would have a chance to get the harpoon in.

But I must get him close, close, close, he thought. I mustn't try for the head. I must get the heart.

"Be calm and strong, old man," he said.

On the next circle the fish's back was out but he was a little too far from the boat. On the next circle he was still too far away but he was higher out of water and the old man was sure that by gaining some more line he could have him alongside.

He had rigged his harpoon long before and its coil of light rope was in a round basket and the end was made fast to the bitt in the bow.

The fish was coming in on his circle now calm and beautiful looking and only his great tail moving. The old man pulled on him all that he could to bring him closer. For just a moment the fish turned a little on his side. Then he straightened himself and began another circle.

"I moved him," the old man said. "I moved him then."

He felt faint again now but he held on the great fish all the strain that he could. I moved him, he thought. Maybe this time I

can get him over. Pull, hands, he thought. Hold up, legs. Last for me, head. Last for me. You never went. This time I'll pull him over.

But when he put all of his effort on, starting it well out before the fish came alongside and pulling with all his strength, the fish pulled part way over and then righted himself and swam away.

"Fish," the old man said. "Fish, you are going to have to die anyway. Do you have to kill me too?"

That way nothing is accomplished, he thought. His mouth was too dry to speak but he could not reach for the water now. I must get him alongside this time, he thought. I am not good for many more turns. Yes you are, he told himself. You're good for ever.

On the next turn, he nearly had him. But again the fish righted himself and swam slowly away.

You are killing me, fish, the old man thought. But you have a right to. Never have I seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother. Come on and kill me. I do not care who kills who.

Now you are getting confused in the head, he thought. You must keep your head clear. Keep your head clear and know how to suffer like a man. Or a fish, he thought.

"Clear up, head," he said in a voice he could hardly hear. "Clear up."

Twice more it was the same on the turns.

I do not know, the old man thought. He had been on the point of feeling himself go each time. I do not know. But I will try it once more.

He tried it once more and he felt himself going when he turned the fish. The fish righted himself and swam off again slowly with the great tail weaving in the air.

I'll try it again, the old man promised, although his hands were mushy now and he could only see well in flashes.

He tried it again and it was the same. So, he thought, and he felt himself going before he started; I will try it once again.

He took all his pain and what was left of his strength and his long gone pride and he put it against the fish's agony and the fish came over onto his side and swam gently on his side, his bill almost touching the planking of the skiff and started to pass the boat, long, deep, wide, silver and barred with purple and interminable in the water.

The old man dropped the line and put his foot on it and lifted the harpoon as high as he could and drove it down with all his strength, and more strength he had just summoned, into the fish's side just behind the great chest fin that rose high in the air to the altitude of the man's chest. He felt the iron go in and he leaned on it and drove it further and then pushed all his weight after it.

Then the fish came alive, with his death in him, and rose high out of the water showing all his great length and width and all his power and his beauty. He seemed to hang in the air above the old man in the skiff. Then he fell into the water with a crash that sent spray over the old man and over all of the skiff.

The old man felt faint and sick and he could not see well. But he cleared the harpoon line and let it run slowly through his raw hands and, when he could see, he saw the fish was on his back with his silver belly up. The shaft of the harpoon was projecting at an angle from the fish's shoulder and the sea was discolouring with the red of the blood from his heart. First it was dark as a shoal in the blue water that was more than a mile deep. Then it spread like a cloud. The fish was silvery and still and floated with the waves.

The old man looked carefully in the glimpse of vision that he had. Then he took two turns of the harpoon line around the bitt in the bow and laid his head on his hands.

"Keep my head clear," he said against the wood of the bow. "I am a tired old man. But I have killed this fish which is my brother and now I must do the slave work."

Now I must prepare the nooses and the rope to lash him along-





side, he thought. Even if we were two and swamped her to load him and bailed her out, this skiff would never hold him. I must prepare everything, then bring him in and lash him well and step the mast and set sail for home.

He started to pull the fish in to have him alongside so that he could pass a line through his gills and out his mouth and make his head fast alongside the bow. I want to see him, he thought, and to touch and to feel him. He is my fortune, he thought. But that is not why I wish to feel him. I think I felt his heart, he thought. When I pushed on the harpoon shaft the second time. Bring him in now and make him fast and get the noose around his tail and another around his middle to bind him to the skiff.

"Get to work, old man," he said. He took a very small drink of the water. "There is very much slave work to be done now that the fight is over."

He looked up at the sky and then out to his fish. He looked at the sun carefully. It is not much more than noon, he thought. And the trade wind is rising. The lines all mean nothing now. The boy and I will splice them when we are home.

"Come on, fish," he said. But the fish did not come. Instead he lay there wallowing now in the seas and the old man pulled the skiff up onto him.

When he was even with him and had the fish's head against the bow he could not believe his size. But he untied the harpoon rope from the bitt, passed it through the fish's gills and out his jaws, made a turn around his sword then passed the rope through the other gill, made another turn around the bill and knotted the double rope and made it fast to the bitt in the bow. He cut the rope then and went astern to noose the tail. The fish had turned silver from his original purple and silver, and the stripes showed the same pale violet colour as his tail. They were wider than a man's hand with his fingers spread and the fish's eye looked as detached as the mirrors in a periscope or as a saint in a procession.

"It was the only way to kill him," the old man said. He was feeling better since the water and he knew he would not go away and his head was clear. He's over fifteen hundred pounds the way he is, he thought. Maybe much more. If he dresses out two-thirds of that at thirty cents a pound?

"I need a pencil for that," he said. "My head is not that clear. But I think the great DiMaggio would be proud of me today. I had no bone spurs. But the hands and the back hurt truly." I wonder what a bone spur is, he thought. Maybe we have them without knowing of it.

He made the fish fast to bow and stern and to the middle thwart. He was so big it was like lashing a much bigger skiff alongside. He cut a piece of line and tied the fish's lower jaw against his bill so his mouth would not open and they would sail as cleanly as possible. Then he stepped the mast and, with the stick that was his gaff and with his boom rigged, the patched sail drew, the boat began to move, and half lying in the stern he sailed south-west.

He did not need a compass to tell him where south-west was. He only needed the feel of the trade wind and the drawing of the sail. I better put a small line out with a spoon on it and try and get something to eat and drink for the moisture. But he could not find a spoon and his sardines were rotten. So he hooked a patch of yellow gulf weed with the gaff as they passed and shook it so that the small shrimps that were in it fell onto the planking of the skiff. There were more than a dozen of them and they jumped and kicked like sand fleas. The old man pinched their heads off with his thumb and forefinger and ate them chewing up the shells and the tails. They were very tiny but he knew they were nourishing and they tasted good.

The old man still had two drinks of water in the bottle and he used half of one after he had eaten the shrimps. The skiff was sailing well considering the handicaps and he steered with the tiller under his arm. He could see the fish and he had only to look at his hands and feel his back against the stern to know that this had truly happened and was not a dream. At onetime when he was feeling so badly toward the end, he had thought perhaps it was a dream. Then when he had seen the fish come out of the water and hang motionless in the sky before he fell, he was sure there was some great strangeness and he could not believe it. Then he could not see well, although now he saw as well as ever.

Now he knew there was the fish and his hands and back were no dream. The hands cure quickly, he thought. I bled them clean and the salt water will heal them. The dark water of the true gulf is the greatest healer that there is. All I must do is keep the head clear. The hands have done their work and we sail well. With his mouth shut and his tail straight up and down we sail like brothers. Then his head started to become a little unclear and he thought, is he bringing me in or am I bringing him in? If I were towing him behind there would be no question. Nor if the fish were in the skiff, with all dignity gone, there would be no question either. But they were sailing together lashed side by side and the old man thought, let him bring me in if it pleases him. I am only better than him through trickery and he meant me no harm.

They sailed well and the old man soaked his hands in the salt water and tried to keep his head clear. There were high cumulus clouds and enough cirrus above them so that the old man knew the breeze would last all night. The old man looked at the fish constantly to make sure it was true. It was an hour before the first shark hit him.

The shark was not an accident. He had come up from deep down in the water as the dark cloud of blood had settled and dispersed in the mile deep sea. He had come up so fast and absolutely without caution that he broke the surface of the blue water and was in the sun. Then he fell back into the sea and picked up the scent and started swimming on the course the skiff and the fish had taken.

Sometimes he lost the scent. But he would pick it up again, or have just a trace of it, and he swam fast and hard on the course. He was a very big Mako shark built to swim as fast as the fastest fish in the sea and everything about him was beautiful except his jaws. His back was as blue as a sword fish's and his belly was silver and his hide was smooth and handsome. He was built as a sword fish except for his huge jaws which were tight shut now as he swam fast, just under the surface with his high dorsal fin knifing through the water without wavering. Inside the closed double lip of his jaws all of his eight rows of teeth were slanted inwards. They were not the ordinary pyramid-shaped teeth of most sharks. They were shaped like a man's fingers when they are crisped like claws. They were nearly as long as the fingers of the old man and they had razor-sharp cutting edges on both sides. This was a fish built to feed on all the fishes in the sea, that were so fast and strong and well armed that they had no other enemy. Now he speeded up as he smelled the fresher scent and his blue dorsal fin cut the water.

When the old man saw him coming he knew that this was a shark that had no fear at all and would do exactly what he wished. He prepared the harpoon and made the rope fast while he watched the shark come on. The rope was short as it lacked what he had cut away to lash the fish.

The old man's head was clear and good now and he was full of resolution but he had little hope. It was too good to last, he thought. He took one look at the great fish as he watched the shark close in. It might as well have been a dream, he thought. I cannot keep him from hitting me but maybe I can get him. *Denturo*, he thought. Bad luck to your mother.

The shark closed fast astern and when he hit the fish the old man saw his mouth open and his strange eyes and the clicking chop of the teeth as he drove forward in the meat just above the tail. The shark's head was out of water and his back was coming out and the old man could hear the noise of skin and flesh ripping on the big fish when he rammed the harpoon down onto the shark's head at a spot where the line between his eyes intersected with the line that ran straight back from his nose. There were no such lines. There was only the heavy sharp blue head and the big eyes and the clicking, thrusting all-swallowing jaws. But that was the location of the brain and the old man hit it. He hit it with his blood mused hands driving a good harpoon with all his strength. He hit it without hope but with resolution and complete malignancy.

The shark swung over and the old man saw his eye was not alive and then he swung over once again, wrapping himself in two loops of the rope. The old man knew that he was dead but the shark would not accept it. Then, on his back, with his tail lashing and his jaws clicking, the shark plowed over the water as a speed-boat does. The water was white where his tail beat it and three-quarters of his body was clear above the water when the rope came taut, shivered, and then snapped. The shark lay quietly for a little while on the surface and the old man watched him. Then he went down very slowly.



"He took about forty pounds," the old man said aloud. He took my harpoon too and all the rope, he thought, and now my fish bleeds again and there will be others.

He did not like to look at the fish anymore since he had been mutilated. When the fish had been hit it was as though he himself were hit.

But I killed the shark that hit my fish, he thought. And he was the biggest *denturo* that I have ever seen. And God knows that I have seen big ones.

It was too good to last, he thought. I wish it had been a dream now and that I had never hooked the fish and was alone in bed on the newspapers.

"But man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." I am sorry that I killed the fish though, he thought. Now the bad time is coming and I do not even have the harpoon. The *denturo* is cruel and able and strong and intelligent. But I was more intelligent than he was. Perhaps not, he thought. Perhaps I was only better armed.

"Don't think, old man," he said aloud. "Sail on this course and take it when it comes."

But I must think, he thought. Because it is all I have left. That and baseball. I wonder how the great DiMaggio would have liked the way I hit him in the brain? It was no great thing, he thought. Any man could do it. But do you think my hands were as great a handicap as the bone spurs? I cannot know. I never had anything wrong with my heel except the time the sting ray stung it when I stepped on him when swimming and paralyzed the lower leg and made the unbearable pain.

"Think about something cheerful, old man," he said. "Every minute now you are closer to home. You sail lighter for the loss of forty pounds."

He knew quite well the pattern of what could happen when he reached the inner part of the current. But there was nothing to be done now.

"Yes there is," he said aloud. "I can lash my knife to the butt of one of the oars."

So he did that with the tiller under his arm and the sheet of the sail under his foot.

"Now," he said. "I am still an old man. But I am not unarmed."

The breeze was fresh now and he sailed on well. He watched only the forward part of the fish and some of his hope returned.

It is silly not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it.

I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio.

But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for food, he thought. You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. You loved him when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not a sin to kill him. Or is it more?

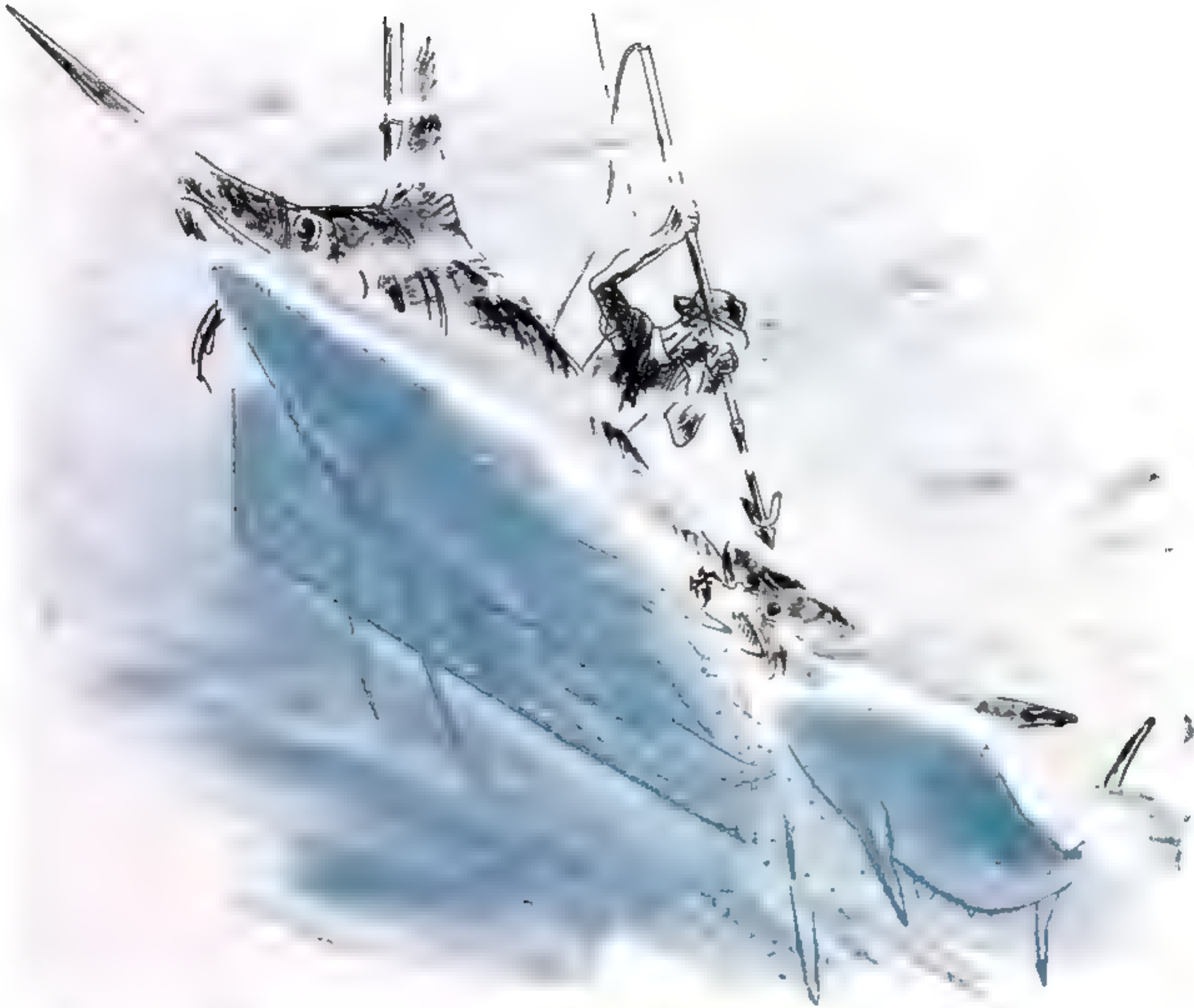
"You think too much, old man," he said aloud.

But you enjoyed killing the *denturo*, he thought. He lives on the live fish as you do. He is not a scavenger nor just a moving appetite as some sharks are. He is beautiful and noble and knows no fear of anything.

"I killed him in self-defense," the old man said aloud. "And I killed him well."

Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much.

He leaned over the side and pulled loose a piece of the meat of the fish where the shark had cut him. He chewed it and noted its quality and its good taste. It was firm and juicy, like meat, but it



was not red. There was no stringiness in it and he knew that it would bring the highest price in the market. But there was no way to keep its scent out of the water and the old man knew that a very bad time was coming.

The breeze was steady. It had backed a little further into the north-east and he knew that meant that it would not fall off. The old man looked ahead of him but he could see no sails nor could he see the hull nor the smoke of any ship. There were only the flying fish that went up from his bow sailing away to either side and the yellow patches of gulf-weed. He could not even see a bird.

He had sailed for two hours, resting in the stern and sometimes chewing a bit of the meat from the marlin, trying to rest and to be strong, when he saw the first of the two sharks.

"Ay," he said aloud. There is no translation for this word and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood.

"*Galanos*," he said aloud. He had seen the second fin now coming up behind the first and had identified them as shovel-nosed sharks by the brown, triangular fin and the sweeping movements of the tail. They had the scent and were excited and in the stupidity of their great hunger they were losing and finding the scent in their excitement. But they were closing all the time.

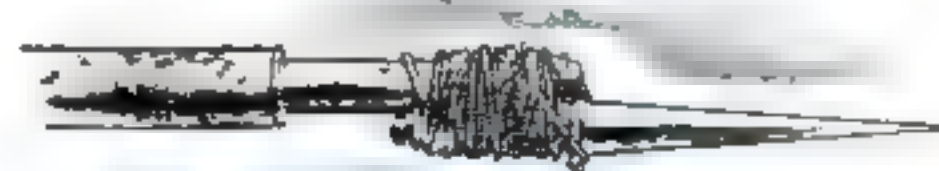
The old man made the sheet fast and jammed the tiller. Then he took up the oar with the knife lashed to it. He lifted it as lightly as he could because his hands rebelled at the pain. Then he opened and closed them on it lightly to loosen them. He closed them firmly so they would take the pain now and would not flinch and watched the sharks come. He could see their wide, flattened, shovel-pointed heads now and their white-tipped wide pectoral fins. They were hateful sharks, bad smelling, scavengers as well as killers, and when they were hungry they would bite at an oar or the rudder of a boat. It was these sharks that would cut the turtles' legs and flippers off when the turtles were asleep on the surface, and they would hit a

man in the water, if they were hungry, even if the man had no smell of fish blood nor of fish slime on him.

"Ay," the old man said. "*Galanos*. Come on *Galanos*."

They came. But they did not come as the Mako had come. One turned and went out of sight under the skiff and the old man could feel the skiff shake as he jerked and pulled on the fish. The other watched the old man with his slitted yellow eyes and then came in fast with his half circle of jaws wide to hit the fish where he had already been bitten. The line showed clearly on the top of his brown head and back where the brain joined the spinal cord and the old man drove the knife on the oar into the juncture, withdrew it, and drove it in again into the shark's yellow cat-like eyes. The shark let go of the fish and slid down, swallowing what he had taken as he died.

The skiff was still shaking with the destruction the other shark was doing to the fish and the old man let go the sheet so that the skiff would swing broadside and bring the shark out from under. When he saw the shark he leaned over the side and punched at him. He hit only meat and the hide was set hard and he barely got the knife in. The blow hurt not only his hands but his shoulder too. But the shark came up fast with his head out and the old man hit him squarely in the center of his flat-topped head as his nose came out of water and lay against the fish. The old man withdrew the blade and punched the shark exactly in the same spot again. He still hung to the fish with his jaws hooked and the old man stabbed him in his left eye. The shark still hung there.



"No?" the old man said and he drove the blade between the vertebrae and the brain. It was an easy shot now and he felt the cartilage sever. The old man reversed the oar and put the blade between the shark's jaws to open them. He twisted the blade and as the shark slid loose he said, "Go on, *galano*. Slide down a mile deep. Go see your friend, or maybe it's your mother."

The old man wiped the blade of his knife and laid down the oar. Then he found the sheet and the sail filled and he brought the skiff onto her course.

"They must have taken a quarter of him and of the best meat," he said aloud. "I wish it were a dream and that I had never hooked him. I'm sorry about it, fish. It makes everything wrong." He stopped and he did not want to look at the fish now. Drained of blood and awash he looked the colour of the silver backing of a mirror and his stripes still showed.

"I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish," he said. "Neither for you nor for me. I'm sorry, fish."

Now, he said to himself. Look to the lashing on the knife and see if it has been cut. Then get your hand in order because there still is more to come.

"I wish I had a stone for the knife," the old man said after he had checked the lashing on the oar butt. "I should have brought a stone." You should have brought many things, he thought. But you did not bring them, old man. Now is no time to think of what



you do not have. Think of what you can do with what there is.

"You give me much good counsel," he said aloud. "I'm tired of it."

He held the tiller under his arm and soaked both his hands in the water as the skiff drove forward.

"God knows how much that last one took," he said. "But she's much lighter now." He did not want to think of the mutilated under-side of the fish. He knew that each of the jerking bumps of the shark had been meat torn away and that the fish now made a trail for all sharks as wide as a highway through the sea.

He was a fish to keep a man all winter, he thought. Don't think of that. Just rest and try to get your hands in shape to defend what is left of him. The blood smell from my hands means nothing now with all that scent in the water. Besides they do not bleed much. There is nothing cut that means anything. The bleeding may keep the left from cramping.

What can I think of now? he thought. Nothing. I must think of nothing and wait for the next ones. I wish it had really been a dream, he thought. But who knows? It might have turned out well.

The next shark that came was a single shovelnose. He came like a pig to the trough if a pig had a mouth so wide that you could put your head in it. The old man let him hit the fish and then drove the knife on the oar down into his brain. But the shark jerked backwards as he rolled and the knife blade snapped.

The old man settled himself to steer. He did not even watch the big shark sinking slowly in the water, showing first life-size, then small, then tiny. That always fascinated the old man. But he did not even watch it now.

"I have the gaff now," he said. "But it will do no good. I have the two oars and the tiller and the short club."

Now they have beaten me, he thought. I am too old to club sharks to death. But I will try it as long as I have the oars and the short club and the tiller.

He put his hands in the water again to soak them. It was getting late in the afternoon and he saw nothing but the sea and the

sky. There was more wind in the sky than there had been, and soon he hoped that he would see land.

"You're tired, old man," he said. "You're tired inside."

The sharks did not hit him again until just before sunset.

The old man saw the brown fins coming along the wide trail the fish must make in the water. They were not even quartering on the scent. They were headed straight for the skiff swimming side by side.

He jammed the tiller, made the sheet fast and reached under the stern for the club. It was an oar handle from a broken oar sawed off to about two and a half feet in length. He could only use it effectively with one hand because of the grip of the handle and he took good hold of it with his right hand, flexing his hand on it, as he watched the sharks come. They were both *galanos*.

I must let the first one get a good hold and hit him on the point of the nose or straight across the top of the head, he thought.

The two sharks closed together and as he saw the one nearest him open his jaws and sink them into the silver side of the fish, he raised the club high and brought it down heavy and slamming onto the top of the shark's broad head. He felt the rubbery solidity as the club came down. But he felt the rigidity of bone too and he struck the shark once more hard across the point of the nose as he slid down from the fish.

The other shark had been in and out and now came in again with his jaws wide. The old man could see pieces of the meat of the fish spilling white from the corner of his jaws as he bumped the fish and closed his jaws. He swung at him and hit only the head and the shark looked at him and wrenched the meat loose. The old man swung the club down on him again as he slipped away to swallow and hit only the heavy solid rubberiness.

"Come on, *galano*," the old man said. "Come in again."

The shark came in a rush and the old man hit him as he shut his jaws. He hit him solidly and from as high up as he could raise the club. This time he felt the bone at the base of the brain and he hit him again in the same place while the shark tore the meat loose sluggishly and slid down from the fish.

The old man watched for him to come again but neither shark showed. Then he saw one on the surface swimming in circles. He did not see the fin of the other.

I could not expect to kill them, he thought. I could have in my time. But I have hurt them both badly and neither one can feel very good. If I could have used a bat with two hands I could have killed the first one surely. Even now, he thought.

He did not want to look at the fish. He knew that half of him had been destroyed. The sun had gone down while he had been in the fight with the sharks.

"It will be dark soon," he said. "Then I should see the glow of Havana. If I am too far to the eastward I will see the lights of one of the new beaches."

I cannot be too far out now, he thought. I hope no one has been too worried. There is only the boy to worry, of course. But I am sure he would have confidence. Many of the older fishermen will worry. Many others too, he thought. I live in a good town.

He could not talk to the fish anymore because the fish had been ruined too badly. Then something came into his head.

"Half fish," he said. "Fish that you were. I am sorry that I went too far out. I ruined us both. But we have killed many sharks, you and I, and ruined many others. How many did you ever kill, old fish? You do not have that spear on your head for nothing."

He liked to think of the fish and what he could do to a shark if he were swimming free. I should have chopped the bill off to fight them with, he thought. But there was no hatchet and then there was no knife.

But if I had, and could have lashed it to an oar butt, what a weapon. Then we might have fought them together. What will you do now if they come in the night? What can you do?

"Fight them," he said. "I'll fight them until I die."

But in the dark now and no glow showing and no lights and only the wind and the steady pull of the sail he felt that perhaps he was already dead. He put his two hands together and felt the palms. They were not dead and he could bring the pain of life by simply opening and closing them. He leaned his back against the stern and knew he was not dead. His shoulders told him.

I have all those prayers I promised if I caught the fish, he

AND THE SEA

thought. But I am too tired to say them now. I better get the sack and put it over my shoulders.

He lay in the stern and steered and watched for the glow to come in the sky. I have half of him, he thought. Maybe I'll have the luck to bring the forward half in. I should have some luck. No, he said. You violated your luck when you went too far outside.

"Don't be silly," he said aloud. "And keep awake and steer. You may have much luck yet."

"I'd like to buy some if there's any place they sell it," he said.

What could I buy it with? he asked himself. Could I buy it with a lost harpoon and a broken knife and two bad hands?

"You might," he said. "You tried to buy it with eighty-four days at sea. They nearly sold it to you too."

I must not think nonsense, he thought. Luck is a thing that comes in many forms and who can recognize her? I would take some though in any form and pay what they asked. I wish I could see the glow from the lights, he thought. I wish too many things. But that is the thing I wish for now. He tried to settle more comfortably to steer and from his pain he knew he was not dead.

He saw the reflected glare of the lights of the city at what must have been around ten o'clock at night. They were only perceptible at first as the light is in the sky before the moon rises. Then they were steady to see across the ocean which was rough now with the increasing breeze. He steered inside of the glow and he thought that now, soon, he must hit the edge of the stream.

Now it is over, he thought. They will probably hit me again. But what can a man do against them in the dark without a weapon?

He was stiff and sore now and his wounds and all of the strained parts of his body hurt with the cold of the night. I hope I do not have to fight again, he thought. I hope so much I do not have to fight again.

But by midnight he fought and this time he knew the fight was useless. They came in a pack and he could only see the lines in the water that their fins made and their phosphorescence as they threw themselves on the fish. He clubbed at heads and heard the jaws chop and the shaking of the skiff as they took hold below. He clubbed desperately at what he could only feel and hear and he felt something seize the club and it was gone.

He jerked the tiller free from the rudder and beat and chopped with it, holding it in both hands and driving it down again and again. But they were up to the bow now and driving in one after the other and together, tearing off the pieces of meat that showed glowing below the sea as they turned to come once more.

One came, finally, against the head itself and he knew that it was over. He swung the tiller across the shark's head where the jaws were caught in the heaviness of the fish's head which would not tear.

He swung it once and twice and again. He heard the tiller break and he lunged at the shark with the splintered butt. He felt it go in and knowing it was sharp he drove it in again. The shark let go and rolled away. That was the last shark of the pack that came. There was nothing more for them to eat.

The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was coppery and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it.

He spat into the ocean and said, "Eat that, *Galanos*. And make a dream you've killed a man."

He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy and he went back to the stern and found the jagged end of the tiller would fit in the slot of the rudder well enough for him to steer. He settled the sack around his shoulders and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could. In the night sharks hit the carcass as someone might pick up crumbs from the table. The old man paid no attention to them and did not pay any attention to anything except steering. He only noticed how lightly and how well the skiff sailed now there was no great weight beside her.

She's good, he thought. She is sound and not harmed in any way except for the tiller. That is easily replaced.

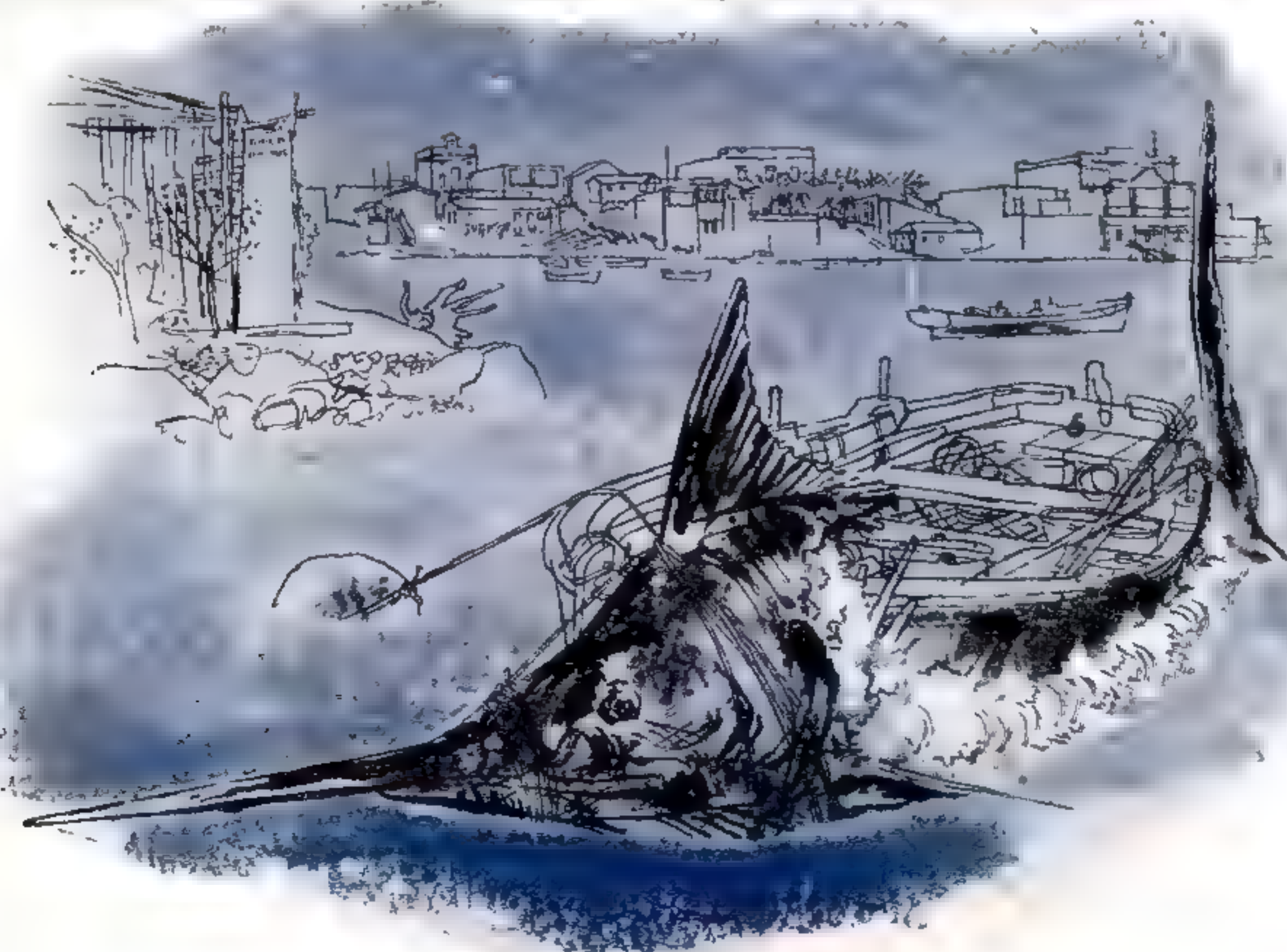
He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach colonies along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.

The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he added, sometimes. And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought.

"Nothing," he said aloud. "I went out too far."

When he sailed into the little harbour the lights of the Terrace were out and he knew everyone was in bed. The breeze had risen steadily and was blowing strongly now. It was quiet in the harbour though and he sailed up onto the little patch of shingle below the rocks. There was no one to help him so he pulled the boat up as far as he could. Then he stepped out and made her fast to a rock.

He unstepped the mast and furled the sail and tied it. Then he shouldered the mast and started to climb. It was then he knew the depth of his tiredness. He stopped for a moment and looked back and saw in the reflection from the street light the great tail of the fish standing up well behind the skiff's stern. He saw the white naked line of his backbone and the dark mass of the head with the projecting bill and all the nakedness between



THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

He started to climb again and at the top he fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder. He tried to get up. But it was too difficult and he sat there with the mast on his shoulder and looked at the road. A cat passed on the far side going about its business and the old man watched it. Then he just watched the road.

Finally he put the mast down and stood up. He picked the mast up and put it on his shoulder and started up the road. He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack.

Inside the shack he leaned the mast against the wall. In the dark he found a water bottle and took a drink. Then he lay down on the bed. He pulled the blanket over his shoulders and then over his back and legs and he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up.

He was asleep when the boy looked in the door in the morning. It was blowing so hard that the drifting-boats would not be going out and the boy had slept late and then come to the old man's shack as he had come each morning. The boy saw that the old man was breathing and then he saw the old man's hands and he started to cry. He went out very quietly to go to bring some coffee and all the way down the road he was crying.

Many fishermen were around the skiff looking at what was lashed beside it and one was in the water, his trousers rolled up, measuring the skeleton with a length of line.

The boy did not go down. He had been there before and one of the fishermen was looking after the skiff for him.

"How is he?" one of the fishermen shouted.

"Sleeping," the boy called. He did not care that they saw him crying. "Let no one disturb him."

"He was eighteen feet from nose to tail," the fisherman who as measuring him called.

"I believe it," the boy said.

He went into the Terrace and asked for a can of coffee.

"Hot and with plenty of milk and sugar in it."

"Anything more?"

"No. Afterwards I will see what he can eat."

"What a fish it was," the proprietor said. "There has never been such a fish. Those were two fine fish you took yesterday too."

"Damn my fish," the boy said and he started to cry again.

"Do you want a drink of any kind?" the proprietor asked.

"No," the boy said. "Tell them not to bother Santiago. I'll be back."

"Tell him how sorry I am."

"Thanks," the boy said.

The boy carried the hot can of coffee up to the old man's shack and sat by him until he woke. Once it looked as though he were waking. But he had gone back into heavy sleep and the boy had gone across the road to borrow some wood to heat the coffee.

Finally the old man woke.

"Don't sit up," the boy said. "Drink this." He poured some of the coffee in a glass.

The old man took it and drank it.

"They beat me, Manolin," he said. "They truly beat me."

"He didn't beat you. Not the fish."

"No. Truly. It was afterwards."

"Pedrico is looking after the skiff and the gear. What do you want done with the head?"

"Let Pedrico chop it up to use in fish traps."

"And the spear?"

"You keep it if you want it."

"I want it," the boy said. "Now we must make our plans about the other things."

"Did they search for me?"

"Of course. With coast guard and with planes."

"The ocean is very big and a skiff is small and hard to see," the old man said. He noticed how pleasant it was to have someone to talk to instead of speaking only to himself and to the sea. "I missed you," he said. "What did you catch?"

"One the first day. One the second and two the third."

"Very good."

"Now we fish together again."

"No. I am not lucky. I am not lucky anymore."

"The hell with luck," the boy said. "I'll bring the luck with me."

"What will your family say?"

"I do not care. I caught two yesterday. But we will fish together now for I still have much to learn."

"We must get a good killing lance and always have it on board. You can make the blade from a spring leaf from an old Ford. We can grind it in Guanabacoa. It should be sharp and not tempered so it will break. My knife broke."

"I'll get another knife and have the spring ground. How many days of heavy *brisa* have we?"

"Maybe three. Maybe more."

"I will have everything in order," the boy said. "You get your hands well old man."

"I know how to care for them. In the night I spat something strange and felt something in my chest was broken."

"Get that well too," the boy said. "Lie down, old man, and I will bring you your clean shirt. And something to eat."

"Bring any of the papers of the time that I was gone," the old man said.

"You must get well fast for there is much that I can learn and you can teach me everything. How much did you suffer?"

"Plenty," the old man said.

"I'll bring the food and the papers," the boy said. "Rest well, old man. I will bring stuff from the drugstore for your hands."

"Don't forget to tell Pedrico the head is his."

"No. I will remember."

As the boy went out the door and down the worn coral rock road he was crying again.

That afternoon there was a party of tourists at the Terrace and looking down in the water among the empty beer cans and dead barracudas a woman saw a great long white spine with a huge tail at the end that lifted and swung with the tide while the east wind blew a heavy steady sea outside the entrance to the harbour.

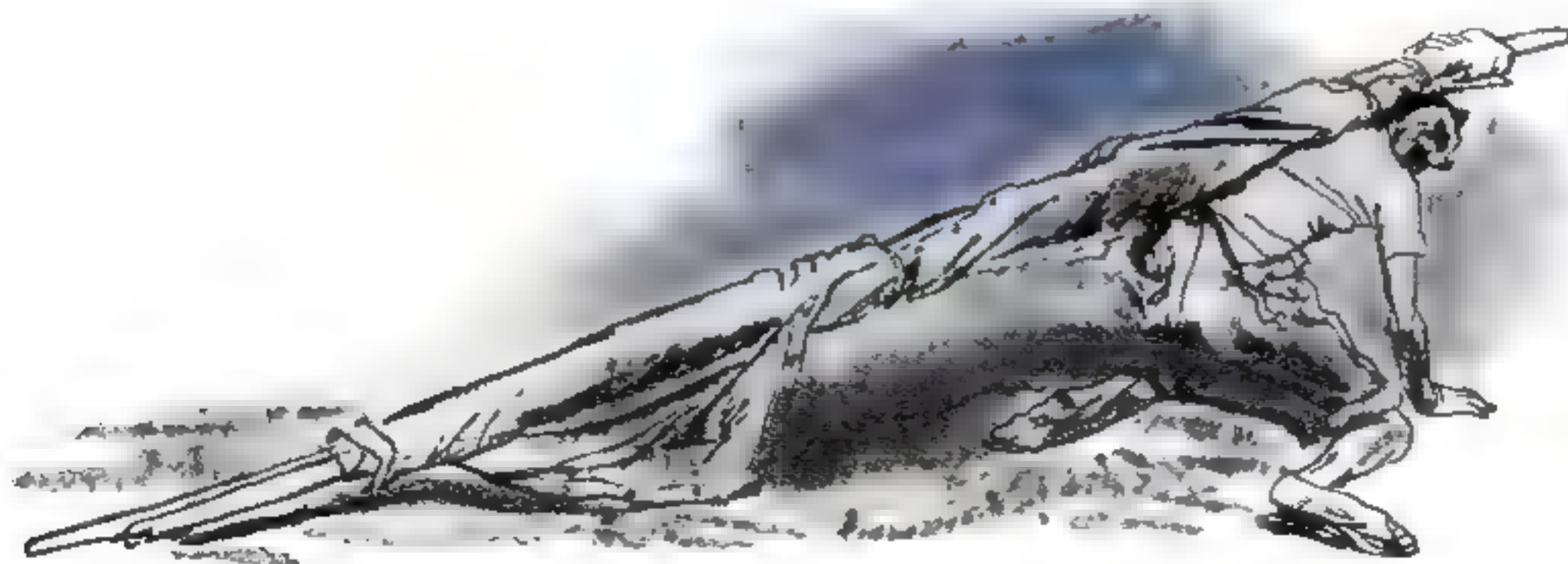
"What's that?" she asked a waiter and pointed to the long backbone of the great fish that was now just garbage waiting to go out with the tide.

"Tiburón," the waiter said, "Eshark." He was meaning to explain what had happened.

"I didn't know sharks had such handsome, beautifully formed tails."

"I didn't either," her male companion said.

Up the road, in his shack, the old man was sleeping again. He was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him watching him. The old man was dreaming about the lions.



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lightweight moccasin

RIGHT: Size 4-10
Rugged leather oxford
with a moccasin heel
belows English style

Jarman's Continentals

Smart new styles with the "all-around" welt

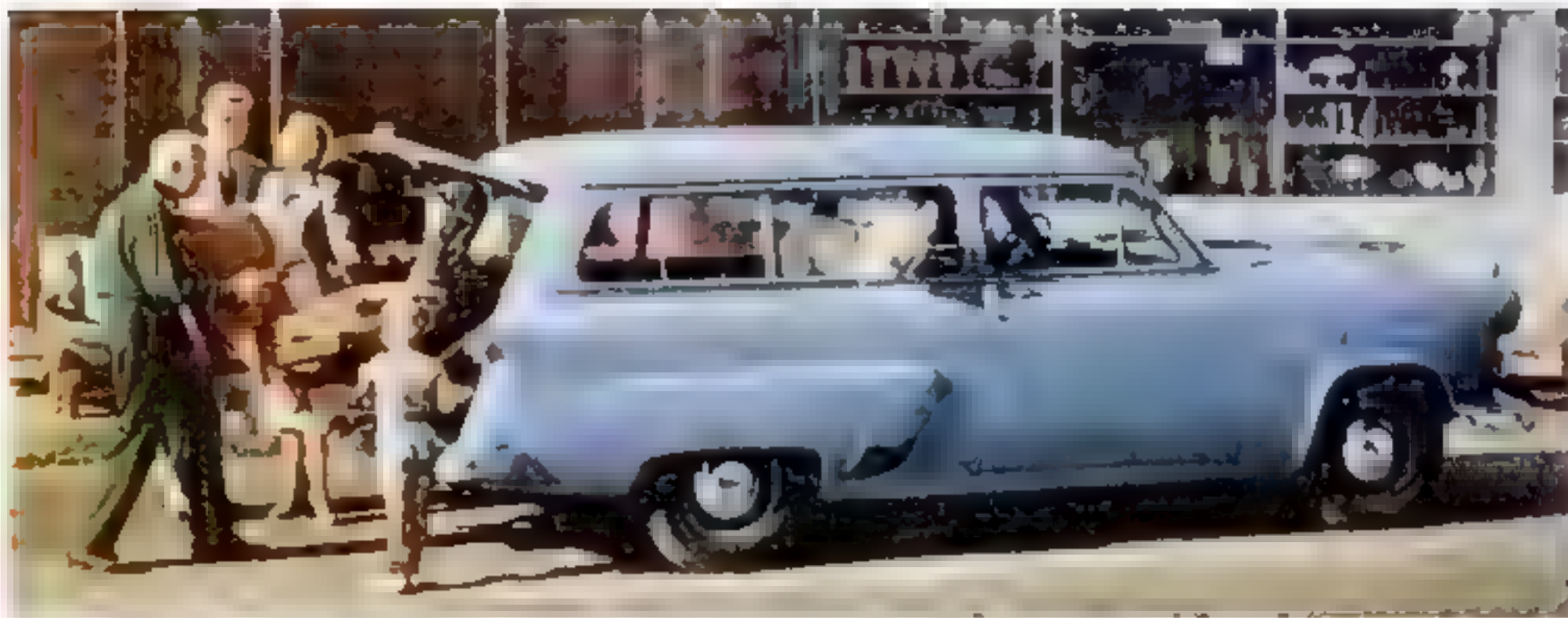
As masculine as a briar pipe, Jarman's ultra-smart "Continental" are also famous for comfort and long wear. Note the welt extension all the way around the heel.

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A true companion to Ford's famous V-8 in savings and power, is Ford's new 101-h.p. high-compression Mileage Maker Six. A Ford Six with Overdrive won first place in its field in the 1952 Mobilgas Economy Run.



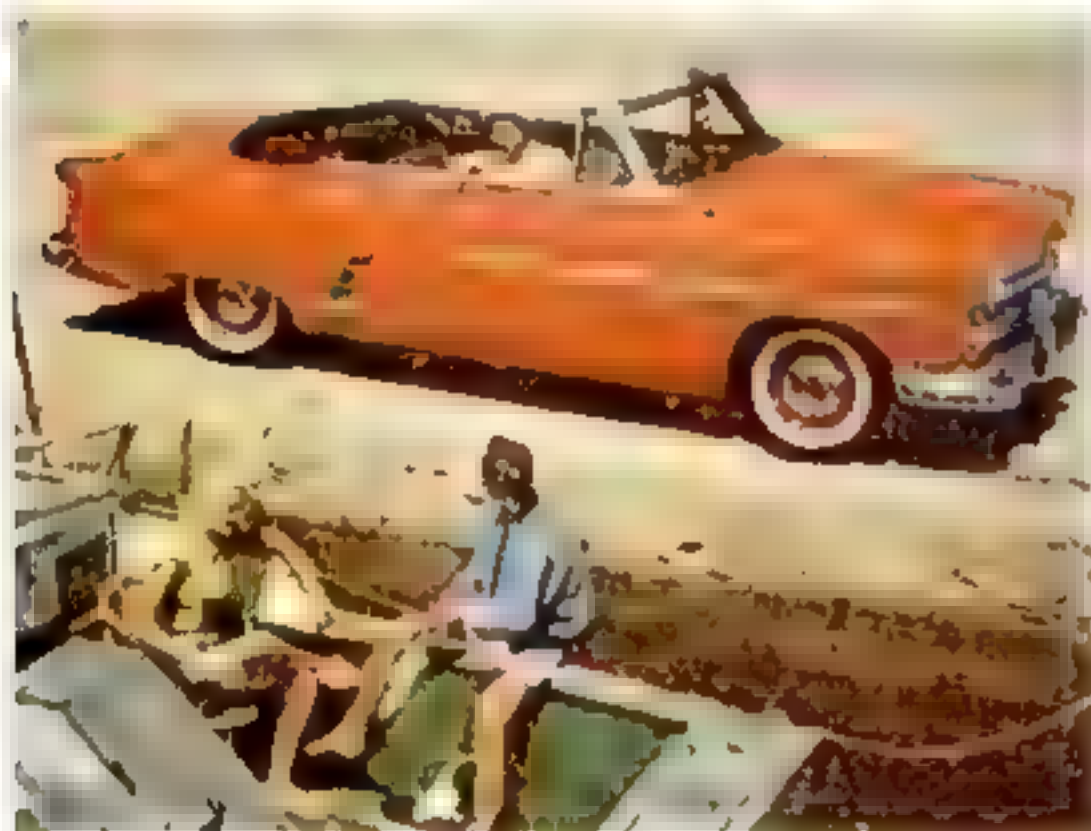
Go smoothly with Automatic Ride Control

This handsome Ford Victoria, like all '52 Fords, features new Automatic Ride Control. A lower center of gravity and wider front tread help further to smooth out the bumps and level the tilt of turns.



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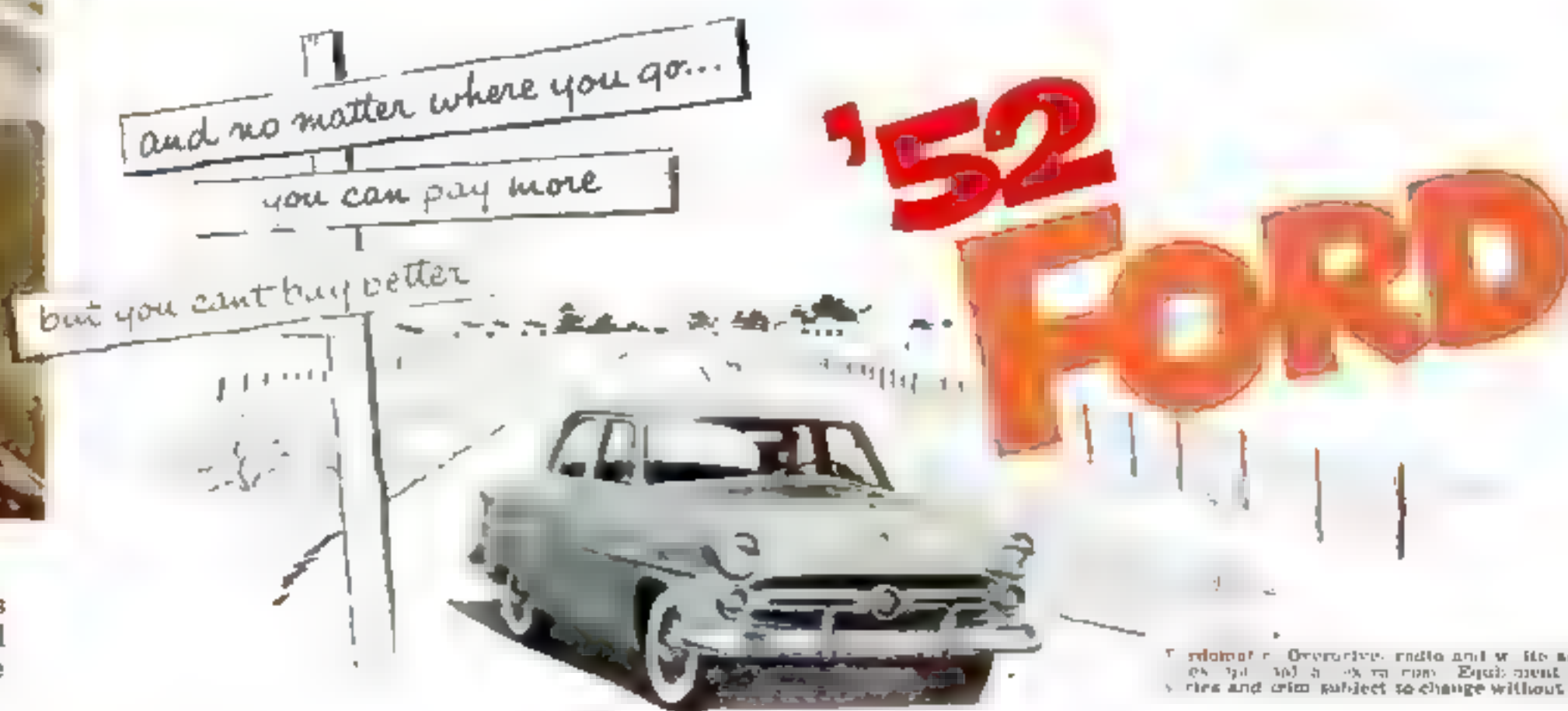
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SUDDEN FEAR is written all over Joan Crawford's face when she wakes from a nightmare in which she has been strangled, poisoned, pushed out of a window.

THE LADY IS SCARED

Joan Crawford endures 111 fearful movie minutes

The lady playwright above has plenty of reason to be scared out of what wits she has left. In *Sudden Fear*, a new RKO movie, she has married a horrendous hulk of an actor who likes to compare himself to Casanova but who comports himself more like Dr. Fu Manchu. While the plot piles up suspense upon terror, the actor decides to murder the playwright so he can inherit her money, and she learns that he has so decided and decides to murder him, and he learns that she has so learned and decided, and she learns that he, etc. The full brunt of these revelations is borne by the hapless heroine, who runs a steady 111-minute gamut of horrible situations, from the most passive (standing motionless in a closet while a hard-breathing murderer prowls for her in the living room) to the most active (being chased down a dark street by a Packard convertible).

Joan Crawford screeches, shivers and writhes through the leading role with the masterful ease of a veteran of a 25 year movie career. She is helped no end by the peculiarly hideous features of her leading man, Jack Palance, and by the skill with which Gloria Grahame acts her role of the calculating tart who abets his criminal schemes. The shrieks and shudders on the screen may seem a trifle mechanical at times, but the action is tense enough to produce any number of real ones in the audience.

CAUSE FOR FEAR is lowering, glowering face of Jack Palance, ex-prizefighter— who has built up his brooding bad looks into a successful stage and film career.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





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'Sudden Fear' CONTINUED



HAPPY DAYS seem to be dawning for playwright and actor friend when he quotes sentimental lines from one of her plays to her and they get married.



LIGHT-HEARTED lady gnes down unrailed path to the shore in her unsuspecting days. Later she is haunted by the fear of being murdered at this spot.

FALSE-HEARTED lady (Gloria Grahame) is the actor's former girl friend, a scheming minx who has planted idea of murdering his rich wife in his mind.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61



*"... we talked about
the little things of the day
... whether we needed a new washer ...
the neighbor's pup digging in our dahlia bed ...
it was good to sit and talk awhile, just the two of us!"*

Just a kitchen table. Just a man and his wife.
Just two glasses of Schlitz at the tag-end of a
long day. Just before they put out the cat and
turn out the lights. The Schlitz—just a little
extra touch to a good American home scene.

The clean, bright taste of Schlitz and the stand-
up character, with *just the kiss of the hops* tell
you why this beer is so satisfying to so many.
You might say Schlitz people have a happy
touch with the sensitive ingredients of beer—
a "Gold Thumb", some people call it.

*That's the real reason more people prefer (and buy)
Schlitz than any other beer.*

If you like beer you'll love Schlitz



*On TV every week—
enjoy the
popular Schlitz
"Playhouse of Stars".
See your newspaper for
time and station.*

© 1952, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE WIS

The beer that made Milwaukee famous

Get the most for your money— INSTALL YOUR OWN KENTILE FLOOR!



Mrs. William A. Looch, Jr.
shows how easy it is to install
long-lasting Kentile



STEP 1. After reading the simple instructions, supplied by the Kentile Dealer, Mrs. Looch is finding the center of the floor. Next she'll spread Kentile Adhesive over half the floor before laying the tiles in place.



STEP 2. With half the floor installed, Mrs. Looch spreads Kentile Adhesive to cover remaining part of kitchen floor. That notched trowel she's using and other tools needed are all included in the Ken-Kit.



STEP 3. After adhesive is spread Mrs. Looch sets the remaining tile in place. The simple tile-by-tile installation continues until the entire kitchen floor is completed as shown in the main illustration.

You can install a **KENTILE FLOOR**
like this for only **\$19⁹⁵***

Here's America's most popular floor-covering for homeowner installation. It's low in cost and easy to install . . . gives a choice of 26 modern colors which you can arrange in any design you please. Kentile resists stains and dirt . . . gleams like new with occasional no-rub waxings. It withstands the severest kind of wear because its colors are built in—go right through each sturdy tile. Don't make the mistake of buying floor-coverings with just a colored surface that soon wears off with use. Look for the only floor-covering that's backed by the quality-assuring guarantee you see here. If you prefer, your Kentile Dealer will install your floor.

KENTILE GUARANTEE

FOR SELF-INSTALLED KENTILE

Kentile, Inc. will provide new tile without charge for any Kentile that wears out and on which colors wear off during your own occupancy of your home wherein you have installed Kentile. This guarantee does not apply to damage caused by improper handling, or failure to follow the instructions for installation and maintenance available at your Kentile dealer's.

KENTILE®

The Asphalt Tile of Enduring Beauty



Only Kentile Dealers offer you these low-priced Guaranteed Kentile Floors

*Price quoted is for a Kentile Floor approximately 8' x 10' installed by you. Your Kentile Floor may cost less or slightly more, depending on size of room, colors selected and freight rates to your city. See your local Kentile Dealer . . . he's listed in the classified phone directory under FLOORS . . . In Canada, T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

KENTILE • KENCORK • KENRUBBER • KENTILE, INC., 58 2nd Ave., Dept. AA-6, Brooklyn 15, N.Y.

'Sudden Fear' CONTINUED



FIRST FRIGHT comes when husband starts to undo wife's negligee. She has just learned of his murderous plans, thinks he is going to strangle her.



FALSE FRIGHT comes when she goes secretly to the girl friend's apartment, hears someone approach door. Visitor turns out to be a delivery man.



GREATEST FRIGHT comes when, having escaped from apartment where her husband has almost trapped her, she sees his car driving straight at her.

*A luxury
that actually
does you good*



*You should use it
You'll like to use it...*

MORE MEN, dermatologists say, come to them for help with skin infections *due to shaving* than for any other cause.

These infections often spring from tiny nicks and scratches you can't even see. Often, these tiny cuts become more serious than major ones because you take care of major cuts but neglect little ones.

Yet this need not happen—if you use Aqua Velva regularly after every shave. Two special ingredients in Aqua Velva automatically help take care of any break in the surface of the skin. The tingling

sensation you feel when you apply it is proof of Aqua Velva's action.

Why you'll like Aqua Velva

In addition to the tingling sensation and pleasant aroma—found in Aqua Velva alone, you will enjoy the feeling of well-being and being well-groomed.

A 5-second dash of Aqua Velva is the final touch to a perfect shaving routine. *It is a luxury you owe to yourself. Get a bottle today!*

P.S. to Wives: Give him the luxury lotion he'd buy for himself! Distinguished gift bottle, 11 ounces.



Once they walked in the

FAR out in the field you could see Mother's sunbonnet floating as she took a jug of lemonade to the hired hands. In the long green pasture the brown cows stood knee-deep in the daisy-flecked grass; the young colts, trembly on their stiff knobby legs, trotted beside their long-maned mothers; in the distance the fluttering birches looked like stripes of white paint against the dark woods.

Up in the red barn you lay cool and easy, a long straw in your teeth, your bare feet gripping a sack of chicken feed as you read "Struggling Upward, Or Luke Larkin's Luck," by Horatio Alger. Occasionally you would feel your right bicep, which you were developing by pumping well water with the long-handled

pump: your hero, James J. Jeffries, had blacksmith muscles like iron bands.

Men were the machines in those turn-of-the-century days, machines for plowing and bending and stooping and lifting; women were washing machines, good for cooking and bearing children, too. Small boys were the right size for milking cows and cutting kindling wood for the insatiable iron stove in the kitchen. Farm life was a grinding burden.

Henry Ford had been a 19th Century farm boy; he always believed the work was too hard. Years after he had helped to pioneer the automobile he said: "To lift farm drudgery off flesh and blood and lay it on steel and motors has been my most constant ambition."

The farm machines of his boyhood days were huge iron steam engines, too massive to move very far or fast, too heavy for each pound of energy produced. Henry Ford set out first to invent a more powerful tractor, lighter in weight. But the Model T automobile came along first, and it was a great boon to the farmer; and then came the modern tractor, and the first sturdy little trucks. For more than a generation those Ford tractors and trucks and cars have bettered the lives of millions of people.

The little Model T was more than a horseless carriage: it was an idea. The idea changed the roads of the nation, and then the roads of the world—it became a whole way of life.





fields

That way of life is what we mean by the American Road—not just a highway, not even the whole vast network of 3,322,000 miles of American highways—but a new pattern of better living brought about by the automobile.

Toward that end, Ford Motor Company has contributed more than 36,000,000 cars and trucks, over 1,550,000 tractors, and something more—a half-century of service to one powerful, simple aim, a better life for all mankind, in a shining future of peace and plenty.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS
FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS



FARMING TODAY, mechanized from house to barn to the farthest fields, is still hard work—but the hardest tasks are done by machines instead of men's muscles.

IN THE OLD DAYS, hard-working women lost their youth in the fields and at the well-pumps and over the old iron kitchen stoves.



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SKIRT OF COCKTAIL OUTFIT (ANN FOGARTY, \$70) IS 100% ORLON, MEASURES 8 YARDS AROUND HEM. IT NEEDS NO PRESSING

Washable Winter Wardrobe

DESIGNERS GIVE SYNTHETIC FABRIC A NEW LUXURY LOOK

No matter how practical a woman is she seldom likes to look it, a fact which has slowed up the high-style acceptance of the man-made wool substitutes introduced during the past two years. Designers have admired the waterproof, wrinkleproof wonders but on the whole have felt they lacked much of the glamour of wool—its softness, surface interest, pretty colors. The clothes on these pages may change

their minds. They are made of Orlon, one of several new synthetic yarns, yet they have textured surfaces, attractive colorings. Despite their luxury look they can be washed with little more trouble than nylon stockings, need no ironing. All the clothes shown here were washed twice before they were photographed.

Orlon, produced in 1951 by Du Pont, is "hydrophobic" (repels water), which accounts for

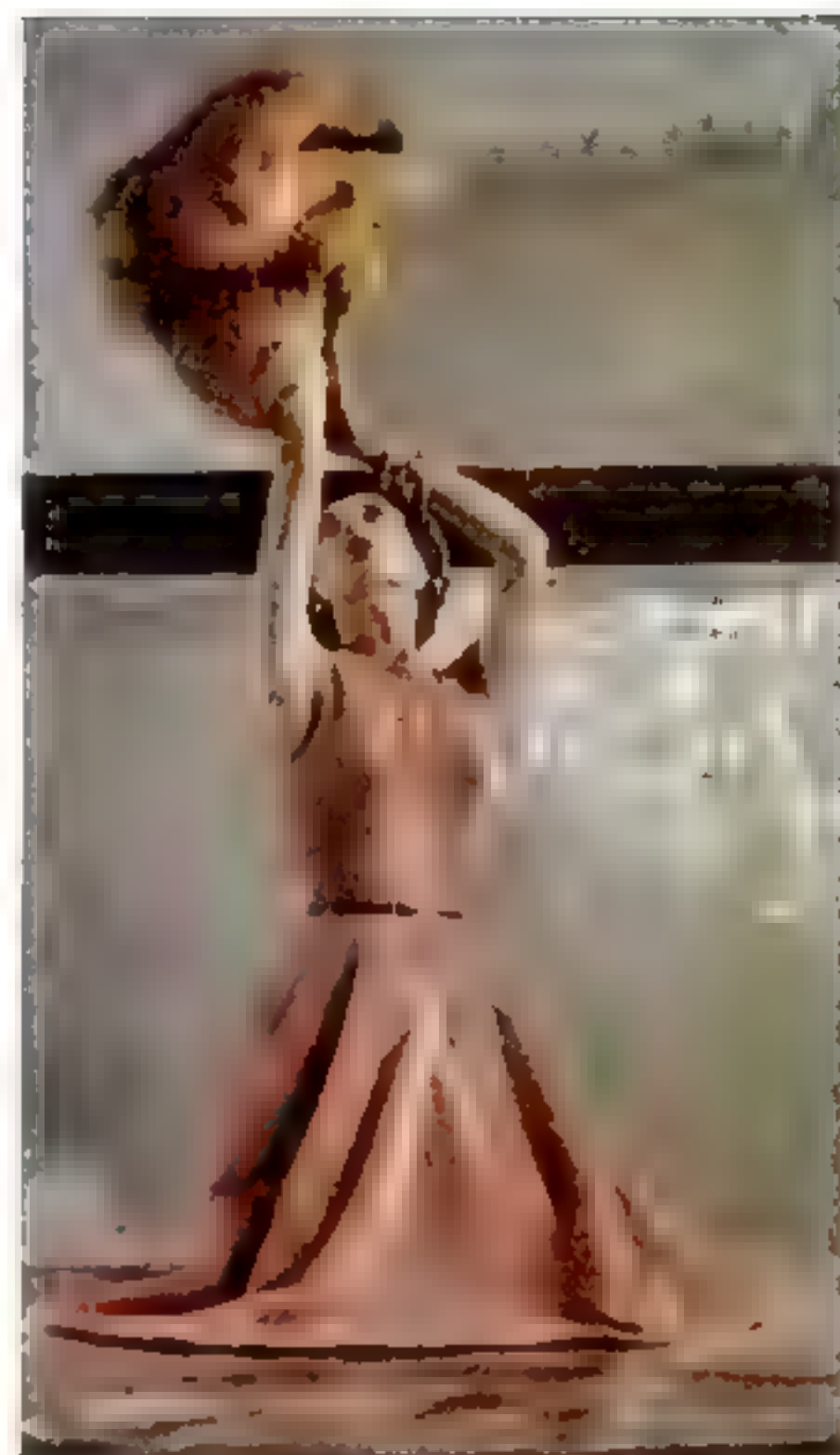
its quick-drying and shape-retaining qualities. Unlike most other synthetics, it also "bulks," which makes a soft woolly surface possible. Although its moisture resistance is a disadvantage when it comes to taking dyes in rich colors, it takes readily to white and most pastel tones. Orlon is still in limited supply and clothes made of it will be comparatively expensive to buy, although inexpensive to keep up.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ACCORDION PLEATS in shirtwaist dress (Carolyn Schnurer, \$40) stay in through repeated washings and need no pressing. Fabric is "Lorette" (LIFE,

May 19), a blend of 55% Orlon, 45% wool. Fabrics often combine Orlon and wool, retain Orlon properties even when mixture is nearly half wool.



SLEEVELESS JUMPER of 100% Orlon (Greta Platty, \$45) can be worn with blouse for day or as here for dinner with red fox muff (Ritter, \$125).



PLEATED FLOUNCE trims hem of short dance dress of "Lorette" (Ceil Chapman, \$110). Its boned bodice, puffed sleeves and gathered skirt add up to

most complicated cut seen in Orlon fabric this season, yet it too survived several washings. Prom goers can toss it in suitcase without fear of wrinkles.



COLLARLESS COAT is Orlon fleece (Goldberg-Weissman, \$90). To be washed successfully coats must be simple in cut, lined in Orlon taffeta or crepe.



FURRY SKIRT (Carolyn Schnurer, \$40) closely resembles expensive imported wools, yet weighs only 28 ounces, about 30% less than its wool counterparts. All Orlon fleece is knitted rather than woven, which adds to its lightness and

elasticity. Its shaggy surface will not mat after washing. Designer Schnurer found only one flaw while working with Orlon—it tended to set up small static electrical charges. She recommends that Orlon wearers avoid shocks by moving slowly.

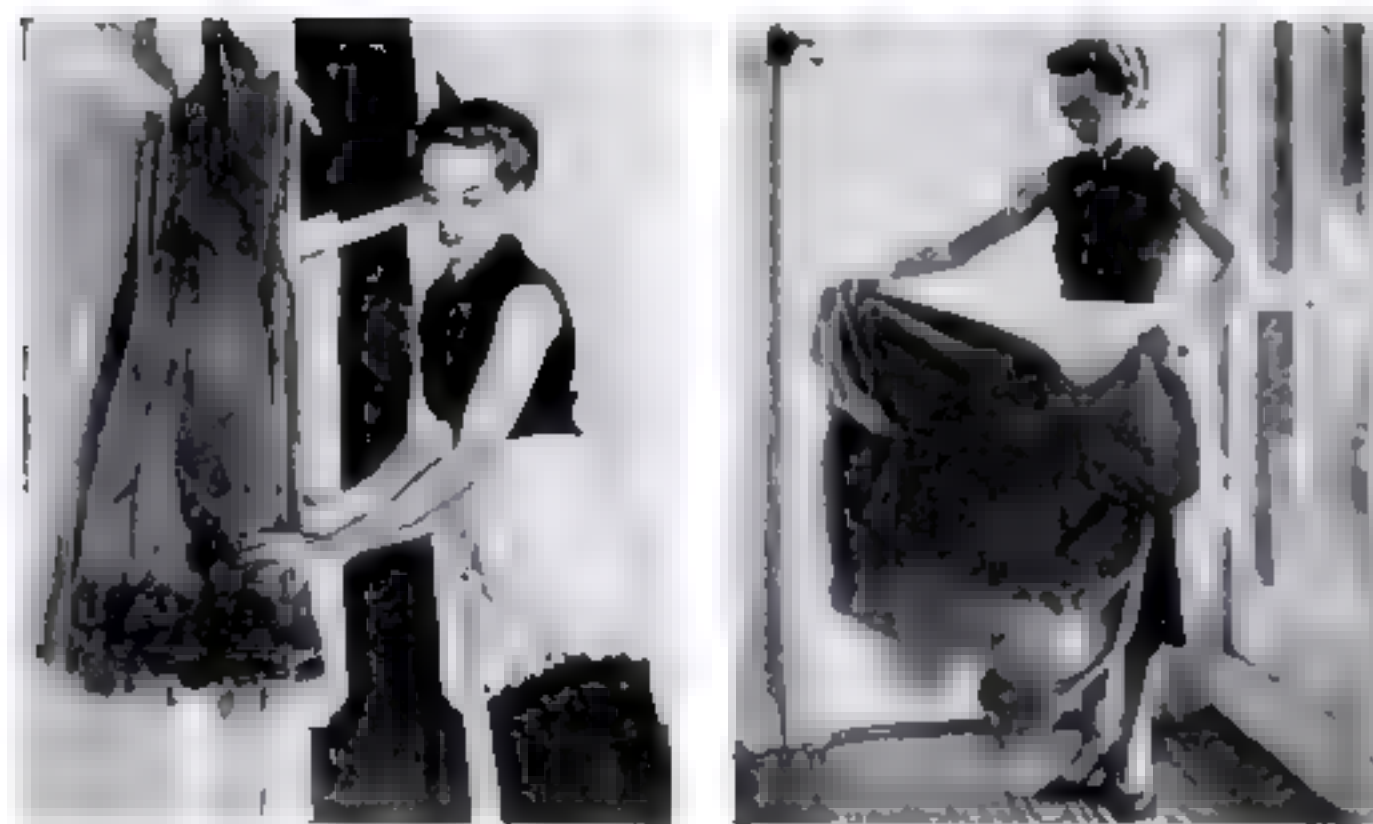
COME AND GET IT...



*No other Bond can match
that Kentucky Tavern taste*



DURABLE PLEATS in this Empire-waisted jersey dress of 86% Orlon, 14% wool (Judy 'n Jill, \$50) are guaranteed to stay in. Madcap hat (\$7) and Wear-Right gloves (\$3.50) in same jersey make wearer washable from head to hem.



TO LAUNDRER ORLON. squeeze warm suds through fabric (top) and then rinse thoroughly. Since wringing causes wrinkles, hang the garment dripping wet (left) on a hanger padded to avoid crease along shoulder line. Pleats and smooth fabrics dry into shape. Orlon fleece must be roughed up (right) by shaking garment vigorously after it is completely dry. Pure Orlon dries quickly, but as proportion of wool content goes up so does fabric's drying time.

New! COLGATE

Chlorophyll Toothpaste

DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

Now Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins) — before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste — especially right after eating — you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

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Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive Food Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

GIANT SIZE 69¢
LARGE SIZE 43¢

Tested And Guaranteed by **COLGATE!**





SUMMER STUDENTS SIT UNDER STATE SIGNS

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

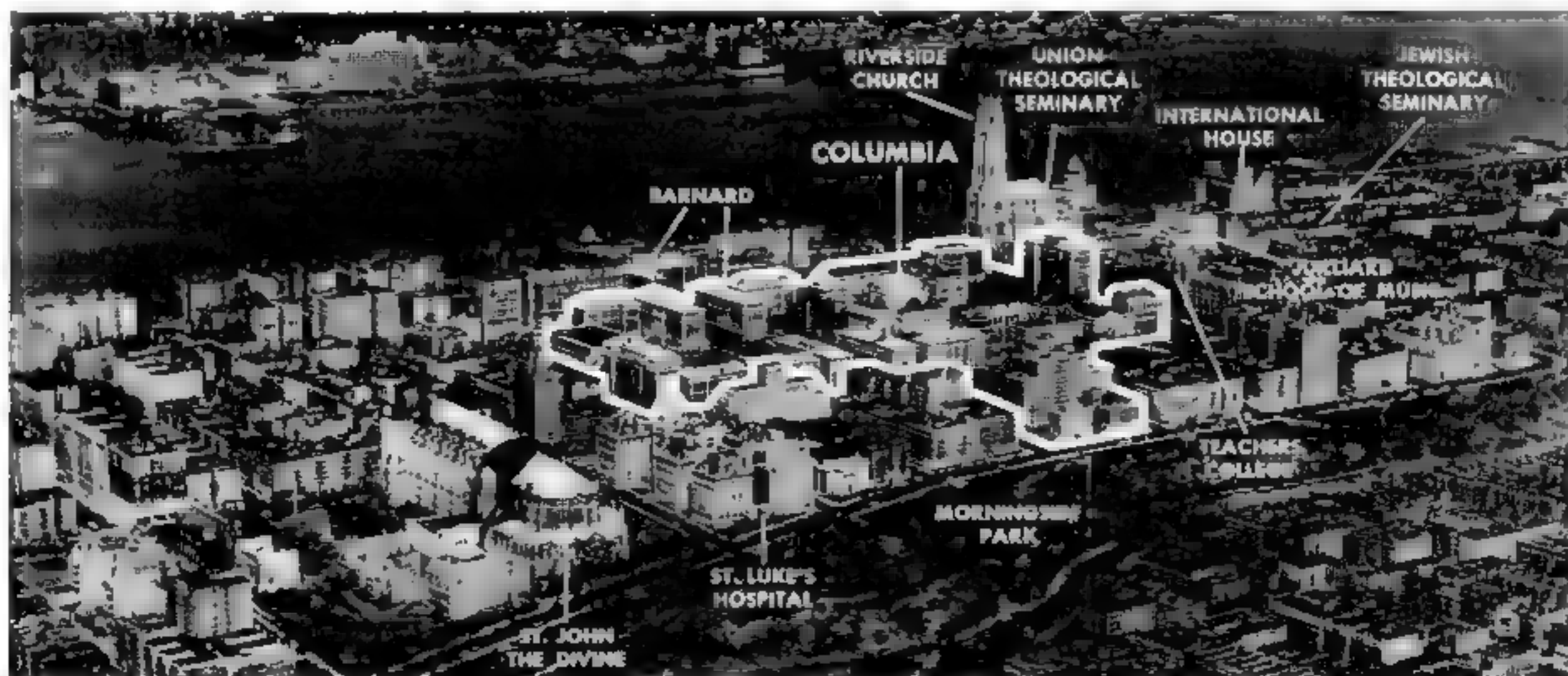
Manhattan's 'Acropolis' is one of the world's great cultural centers

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY GJON MILI

From a bulge of rock in upper Manhattan rises a cluster of gaunt stone buildings whose occupants—scholars, teachers and religious leaders—have made it one of the world's great centers of learning. Known as Morningside Heights from its clifflike eastern edge, the area boasts a remarkable complex of educational and religious institutions (*below*). In the past 60 years it has nurtured such influential teachers and thinkers as John Erskine, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Dewey and Reinhold Niebuhr. But if it is a monument to any one man, that would be the late Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University's president from 1902 to 1945, who dreamt of the Heights as a successor to past cultural centers like the Acropolis and Capitoline Hill. "[It] is the inheritor of their legacies,"

he said, "the proud possessor . . . of their traditions, and it is blest with severe responsibility for their understanding and continuance."

Today, even though the view from International House, a foreign students' living center, may seem reposed and inspirational (*opposite*), the Heights is anything but secluded. Trucks pound its streets. Encroaching slums have forced it to accept a responsibility for its neighborhood. But Heights teachers, who soon begin another academic year, like being in touch with New York's vitality. They quote Longfellow's words: "Where should the scholar live? . . . in the green stillness of the country, or in the dark, gray town, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him and say, in the dark, gray town."



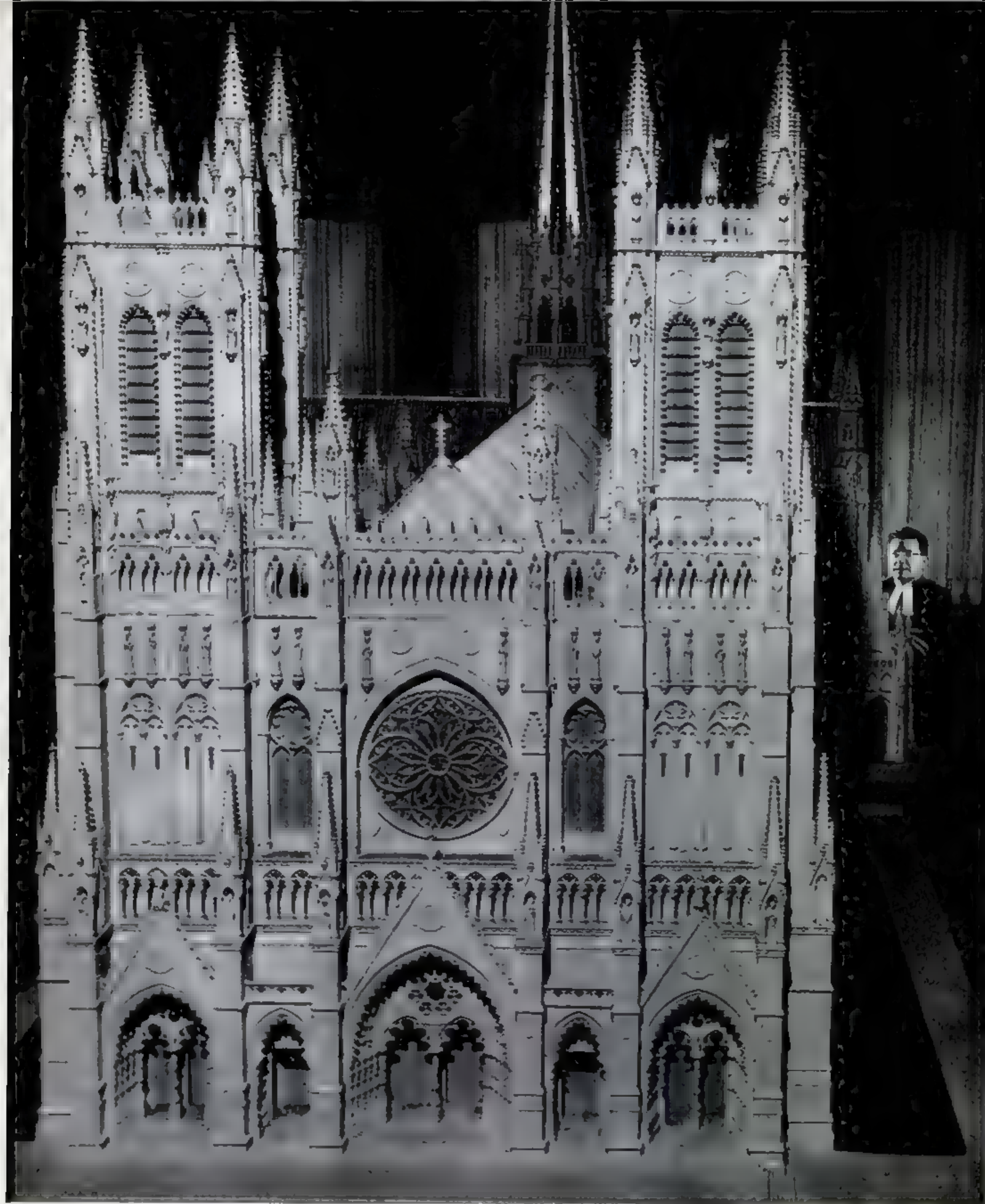
SEEN FROM AIR, the Heights starts roughly at 110th Street (*lower left*), extends northward between Harlem (*lower right*) and

Hudson River (*top*) to 122nd Street. White line defines Columbia University proper. Just beyond Riverside Church is Grant's Tomb.

← IN DOORWAY of International House, with Riverside Church in background, House trustees, David Rockefeller, chats with Director John Mott.

Morningside Heights CONTINUED



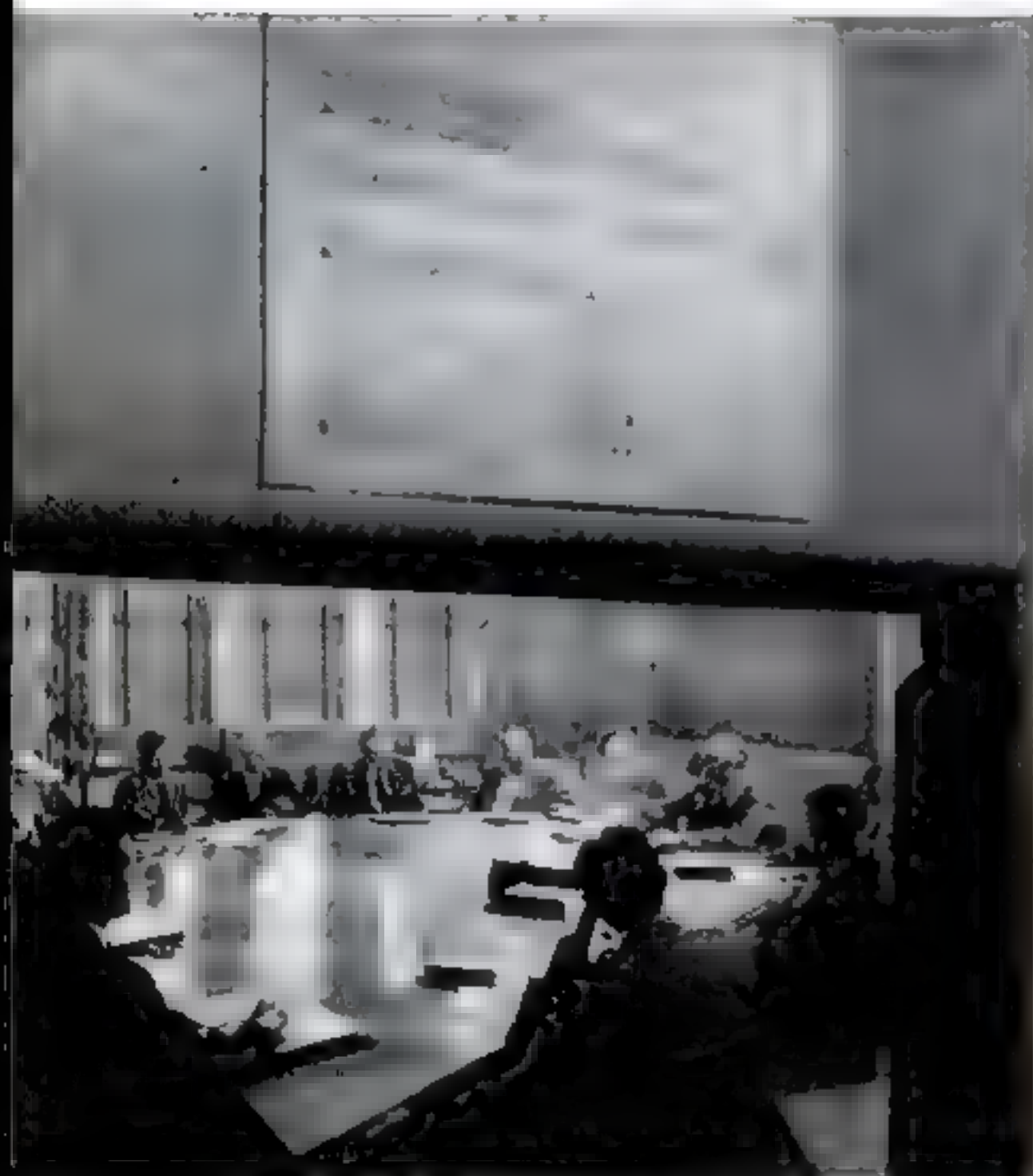


LIVING CHURCH

Flanking the Heights are two great religious structures. The interdenominational Riverside Church would be striking enough architecturally (p. 70) if this distinction were not overshadowed by its tradition of great preaching. This was established by Harry Emerson Fosdick (*opposite*). It was for Fosdick, already known as a nonconformist, that John D. Rockefeller Jr. built Riverside in 1927-31, making its nave large enough to handle the thousands who wanted to hear Fosdick's sermons. Although he retired in 1946, Fosdick still preaches occasionally. And Riverside's powerful pulpit is secure—Fosdick's successor, Robert McCracken, has already made his name as a dynamic preacher.

RISING CHURCH

The other great church, the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, is only an unfinished torso. Visitors can see what the complete building will look like from the model above, behind which stands the Cathedral's Dean, James A. Pike. At present only the nave, choir and apse have been completed; the crossing and the towers are still to come. Dean Pike hopes that St. John's will be finished in 20 years. It will then be the largest Gothic church in the world, second in size only to Rome's St. Peter's, which is Renaissance in style, and it will have, in the words of its former bishop, the late William Manning, "the longest unbroken vista in Christendom"—nearly one-ninth of a mile.



TEACHERS COLLEGE HOLDS A SEMINAR

ITS CENTER: COLUMBIA

Columbia, which as recently as 75 years ago consisted of a liberal arts college, three small professional schools and a total of only 1,300 students, began burgeoning soon after moving to the Heights in 1897. Staid Columbia College today has grown to 2,000 students, and Columbia University (whose president is still Dwight D. Eisenhower) includes not only the College but a seemingly unwieldy array of 19 satellite branches with 25,000 other students. Most of its departments have made separate reputations of their own. Among the best known are the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Law School. Barnard College (*right*) was built up by feminist-minded Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, but is now associated with the crusading of its current head, Millicent McIntosh, for liberal education for women. Union Theological (*p. 77*) is affiliated with Columbia. Although Juilliard School of Music is not, Columbia likes to remember that Juilliard's first president was John Erskine, once a Columbia English professor. The most famous school of all, however, has been Teachers College (*above*). Enthusiastically adopting the "learn by doing" ideas of Columbia's late, great philosopher, John Dewey, it has influenced educational theory more than any other institution in the U.S. While critics laugh at its peculiar language (called "pedagogy") and lambaste its more daring ideas, many of its innovations are standard practice in U.S. schools today.

A perfect example of a city university—it has almost no campus and most of its students commute—Columbia has taken advantage of its location to hire a distinguished faculty (a few members are shown opposite), whose penchant for taking downtown jobs while pursuing uptown studies has earned it the nickname of "cloisters on the half shell." Seriously concerned about its unwieldy appearance, Columbia has been busily bolstering its many-sided household to prepare for its 200th birthday in 1954.



GREF K GAMIS in annual competition between Barnard's freshman and sophomore physical education classes, is rehearsed in gym before

members of the Barnard faculty (*top*). President Millicent McIntosh, who has headed Barnard since 1947, is in center. (Her title was changed



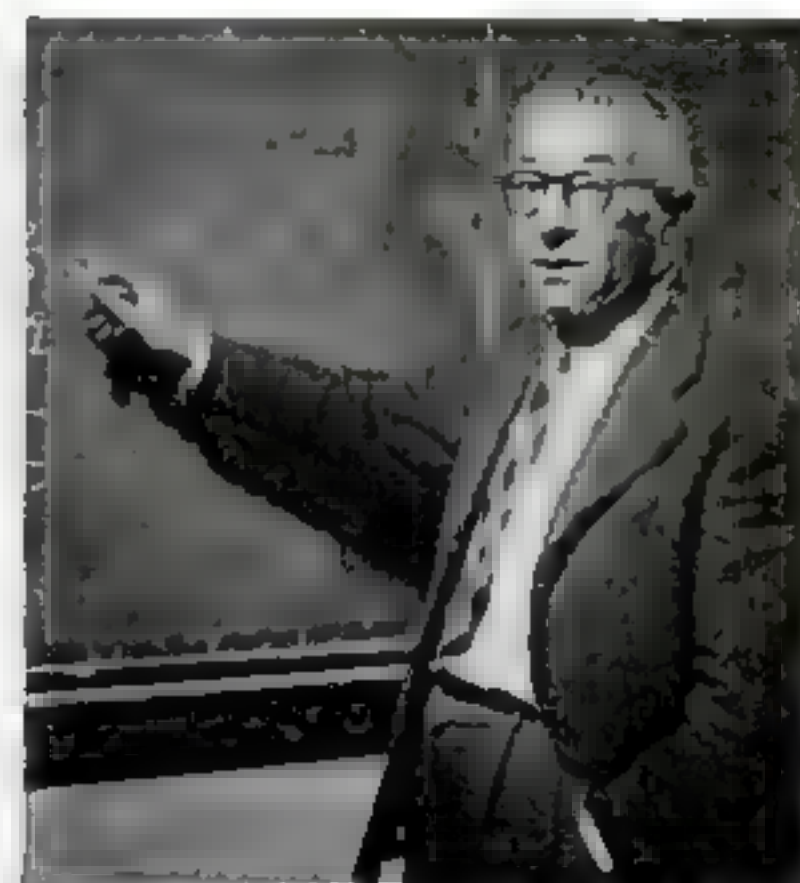
NOBEL PRIZEWINNER Hideki Yukawa, discoverer of meson, has been in U.S. since 1948, teaches physics.



CLASSICIST Gilbert Highet, who has spent 15 years preparing notes (foreground) for book on Juvenal, is professor of Latin



POET Mark Van Doren won Pulitzer prize in 1940 for *Collected Poems*, has written on Dryden and Thoreau, assembled anthologies.



PHYSICIST Isidor Rabi won a Nobel Prize in 1941 for research on atomic nuclei. He teaches a seminar in molecular beams.



CRITIC Lionel Trilling, a professor of English, has written books on Matthew Arnold and E.M. Forster, poems, short stories.



HISTORIAN Henry Steele Commager, a prolific writer, is authority on Civil War and World War II, will teach at Oxford this fall.

from dean to president this year.) To her right is Composer Douglas Moore, who teaches at Barnard and Columbia. At far right is Religion Professor Ursula Niebahr, wife of Reinhold Niebahr.



FOR SCHOLARSHIP

Within 100 yards of each other on the Heights are two front-rank theological schools. Jewish Theological (*above*) steers a middle course for Conservative Judaism between Reform and Orthodox beliefs, stressing scholarship and a nonpolitical role for U.S. Jews as a group. Chancellor Louis Finkelstein (*left*), who has been head of the seminary since 1940, believes Jews can perform a valuable service by bringing people of different faiths together. Professor Mordecai M. Kaplan (*center*) is leader of the Jewish Reconstruction movement, which seeks to unite all Jews under common cultural and spiritual endeavor. Librarian Alexander Marx (*right*), who is famous for his prodigious memory, has made the seminary's library the best Hebrew collection in the world.

FOR SPEAKING OUT

While Jewish Theological is chiefly concerned with matters of faith, the Protestant, interdenominational Union Theological Seminary (*opposite*) often identifies itself with public issues. Professor Paul Tillich (*left*) has worked hard on behalf of refugees. Union's president since 1945, Henry P. Van Dusen (*right*), has become an outspoken proponent of religious instruction in U.S. public schools. Union's star performer, Reinhold Niebuhr (*center*), works at a furious pace to combine work for volunteer political organizations with teaching. By his presence alone, Niebuhr, whose stern-minded "neo-orthodox" philosophy has made him America's leading Protestant theologian, gives the Heights a good claim on being the theological center of the U.S.



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The new Wearever Pennant is still only \$1... still first choice for
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It's a banner day when you give...or get...a Wearever Pennant. For this beautiful pen promises years of wonderfully smooth, dependable writing. *Still only \$1.* Millions in use. Made by the world's largest fountain pen manufacturer, David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J.

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Pre-tested. \$1



OFF ON PATROL looking for interplanetary outlaws goes *Terra V*, the flagship of *Space Patrol*. This actually is a miniature rocket riding on a piece of string.

ROCKETING COPS AND ROBBERS WIN AWAY HOPPY'S AUDIENCE

To the 7 million followers of *Space Patrol*, the faces and scenes on this page are as familiar as the habitués and appearance of the corner drugstore. For nearly three years *Space Patrol* (Saturday, 11 a.m., ABC-TV) has been vanquishing villains in the wild blue yonder in behalf of a 30th Century organization called United Planets of the Universe. *Space Patrol*'s commander, hard-punching Buzz Corry (right), thwarts such evil, interplanetary geniuses as a would-be dictator whose "agra ray" could create supermen. His heroine, Carol, whom he often rescues but never busses, suffers capture, torture and cosmic ray burns, but never loses her sunny good humor.

Space Patrol has unhorsed such earlier idols as Hopalong Cassidy and has enriched kids' lingo ("He's lost his rockets" means "He's off his rocker"; "Smokin' rockets!" means "Holy cow!"; "Blast off" means "Scram!"). The show is heard in five daily instalments and one weekly on TV and one weekly on radio, and has become so familiar that at a meeting of stellar scientists in California one of them began by saying, "Even though Commander Corry may not agree with me, the moon is. . ."



COSMIC SABOTAGE brings burst of smoke from stricken patrol ship, which managed to land safely.

COSMIC HERO Buzz Corry, played by Ed Kemmer, displays clean-cut profile and new TV helmet.



Science reveals new ingredient for easy shaves

Wonderful substance outdoes lanolin, makes beard softer, lubricates, protects skin—and is available now

For years science has searched for a shaving preparation that would enhance the wetting action of soap and at the same time have a beneficial emollient effect on the skin—a characteristic not present in most shaving soap.

Chemists at The J. B. Williams Co. undertook extensive research into the problem. We asked ourselves this question: Would use of the free sterols present in "Extract of Lanolin" provide the improved shaving preparation we sought to make?

Advantages of Extract of Lanolin

Even though present in comparatively small percentages, "Extract of Lanolin" can efficiently increase the water penetration of the shaving cream. Imparting moisture to the beard is, as dermatologists know, essential in wet shaving.

The free sterols of extract of lanolin can penetrate the waxy coating of the skin with great hydrophilic effect. This is because it is a natural product closely resembling the skin surface fat.

How it works

"Extract of Lanolin" in shaving cream forms a film on the surface of each lather bubble and, due to its surface-active nature, tends to penetrate the pores and recesses of the skin—providing the following beneficial effects:

1. The beard becomes wet, easier to shave.
2. The rigid emollient film can act as a lubricant for the razor, helping to prevent abrasion, or "razor burn," by reducing friction to a minimum.
3. There is minimum tendency to leave the skin with less of the protective sterols than present before shaving. Natural protective skin-coating isn't "shaved away."

We then wanted to know how dermatologists themselves felt. 90% of the doctors surveyed approved the idea with enthusiasm.

Result: a superior product

As a result of our findings, and the approval of dermatologists, The J. B. Williams Company is now offering our Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin."

We don't wish to make extravagant claims; but we do say that our shaving preparation, through qualities made possible with "Extract of Lanolin," will cut to a minimum the skin irritation due to shaving. This, we believe, should be of particular interest to you, as a man who wants better shaves.

We're so sure you'll become a steady user of Williams that we make you this FREE offer:

Send your name and address and get a free guest-size tube of Williams Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin" . . . enough for three weeks' trial. For your free tube, write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LS-9, Glastonbury, Connecticut. (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)

'Space Patrol' CONTINUED



ROMANTIC MOMENT comes as Heroine Carol (Virginia Hewitt) boldly faces terrors of uncharted planet with Hero Buzz Corry (Ed Kemmer) who wields trusty ray gun.



VIOLENT MOMENT comes as Space Cadet Happy (left) gets slugged by a space villain attempting to find out where Buzz is taking magic mineral called Radurium. The villains want Radurium for war; Buzz uses it as medical cure.



LEGGY MOMENT comes as Tonga (Nina Bara), a bad girl of Outer Space who was rehabilitated by Brainograph, a brain-washing device, shows good form on ladder.

Now—at the start of a new school year—**LIFE** reminds its educator-subscribers that many special teaching aids are available to them.

Let them help you to better, easier, more effective teaching.

For full information write to:

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Room 607
9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

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With all your favorite jackets, this skirt and slacks need no adjustments—simply "zip-to-fit" each time you put it on. You'll be ready for the busy days at hand. Tailored in wrinkle-resistant rayon Gabardine. Why not order yours today?

COLORS: Black, Navy, Brown, Grey and Green.
SIZES: 8-18. Skirts about \$7. Slacks about \$8.

If not available at your store—fill in form below. It will be forwarded to the dealer nearest you.

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Please send me _____ skirts, about \$7 each.
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Size _____ Color (1st & 2nd choice) _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

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819 Broadway Kansas City, Mo.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

a Diamond is forever

The wishes from your heart
are echoed by your engagement
diamond in lovely, limpid
lights. And it will ever grow
more rich with meaning, more
cherished with its telling of the
joys and memories you share.

Because it will bespeak your
love a lifetime through your
diamond, though it be modest
in price, should be chosen
with care. Remember, color,
cutting and clarity, as well as
carat weight, contribute to
a diamond's beauty and value.
A trusted jeweler will help
you find a stone of fitting
size and quality and style for
what you wish to spend.



$\frac{1}{8}$ carat (25 points) \$95 to \$185

$\frac{1}{4}$ carat (50 points) \$210 to \$425

1 carat (100 points) \$540 to \$1200

2 carats (200 points) \$1200 to \$3250



Token of Love painted for the De Beers Collection by Charles Rain

These prices are for unmounted top-grade engagement diamonds. They vary according to the qualities offered by different jewelers throughout the country in July, 1952. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Add Federal tax. Exact weights shown are infrequent.

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that Vitality's
slenderizing lines shape a
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... flatter a graceful carriage
And a brief turn around
the floor reveals a brilliant new
experience in walking pleasure
Vitality adapts fashion
and fit for you!

Vitality Shoes \$10⁹⁵ to \$12⁹⁵

Vitality Wanderlust Shoes (for dates and campus) from \$8.95
Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri

'Space Patrol' CONTINUED



CAST AND CREW of *Space Patrol* include seven prop men, five electricians, nine carpenters, one video and three audio men, cameramen, three graphic artists, two directors and four technicians. Weekly show costs \$25,000. Squatting in front row is cast boy used in commercials. Happy, Carol, Buzz, Tonga and Major Robertson. Boy next to major is head of fan clubs.



SHOW'S CREATOR, William ('Mike') Moser, 37, who studied philosophy at Gonzaga, got idea for *Space Patrol* while flying Navy planes in South Pacific. Shown in front of a set, Moser used to write all shows, but with radio, TV script commitments which total 82,000 words a week, he now uses three other writers. He soon will produce a new show for adults, *Report to Earth*.



SHOW'S SIDELINES, all bearing *Space Patrol* label, will bring \$40 million this year in sales. Most of the 80 items are shown here, including rocket and ray guns (back row) which are most popular with kids. Other big sellers include monorails, cosmic generators, "paralyzers," oxygen activators, T-shirts.

"I drink all the coffee I want..."



"I get all the sleep I need!"



DON'T STOP DRINKING COFFEE... JUST STOP DRINKING CAFFEIN!

Don't blame coffee for making you jittery and sleepless. It's the *caffeine* ordinary coffee contains! And flavorless caffeine adds nothing to coffee's goodness!

So why drink caffeine? Join the millions of wise coffee lovers who enjoy wonderful coffee and wonderful sleep with New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee.

New Sanka Coffee is one of the finest coffees you've ever tasted, and it's 97% caffeine-free. It can't keep you awake. Enjoy it today—you'll sleep better tonight!

DELICIOUS IN
EITHER INSTANT OR
REGULAR FORM
Products of General Foods



NEW EXTRA-RICH SANKA COFFEE

It's delicious! It's 97% caffeine-free!

It lets you sleep!

they're
terrific

MOUTON
COLLAR
ZIPPER
CLOSURE



INSERTED
ELASTIC
SIDES

they're
SANTONE
by Juvenile

SANTONE SUR COAT, smartly styled of Nylogsb with wool quilted interlining. Crease resistant, water and spot repellent! Skipper blue, brown, tan and green. Sizes 2 to 12. At better stores or write for name of nearest dealer.

THE JUVENILE MFG. CO. • SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

**RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS**

FAST

The way
thousands of
physicians
and dentists
recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physician. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.



**T-N-T
POPCORN**

9 quarts
from 1 can
for less
than 20¢



The Farm that Baby Ruth Built



UNBARNLIKE BARN resembles an English country house and contains Carlisle's prize cows, which are hand milked by these eight men in spotless white.



UNFARMLIKE OFFICE, first an employee recreation center, now houses the 30 white-collar workers who are needed to run the \$1.5 million-a-year operation.



HOGS IN THE SHADE AND MONEY IN THE BANK TESTIFY TO OTTO SCHNERING'S RURAL SUCCESS

The smugly smiling Yorkshire hogs shading themselves from the hot summer sun in the picture above could hardly be happier, healthier or more profitable. In all these respects the hogs are typical of the Curtiss Candy Company's farm division, which bred them, is raising them and will sell them for a satisfactory price. Curtiss Farms is the pride and joy of company President Otto Schnering, a farm-raised boy himself, who runs the operation with all the cost-conscious, assembly line efficiency he learned in making and selling over 23 billion Baby Ruth candy bars.

Curtiss began acquiring land in the rolling Fox River country near Cary, northwest of Chicago, 10 years ago. The company now has 2,500 acres, and last year grossed \$3.5 million, of which a good sum (Schnering won't say how much) was profit. For size and diversity,

Curtiss Farms is unique in American agriculture. Each year it produces 550,000 chickens, 30,000 ducks, 6,500 turkeys, 2 million eggs and 30,000 trout. Curtiss thinks its Yorkshire hog operation is the world's largest; it sells 2,400 for breeding purposes each year. The farms raise not one but five breeds of dairy cattle (Jersey, Guernsey, Holstein, Brown Swiss and Ayrshire) and two breeds of beef cattle (Angus and shorthorns).

Self-sufficiency is one of Otto Schnering's watchwords. The cattle earn their keep in the farm's vast and profitable artificial insemination program (next page). The trout are tended by grounds-keepers whose salaries are paid with revenue from the sale of trout. When Farmer Schnering surveys his domain and says, "Isn't it pretty?" Businessman Schnering happily replies, "Yes, and it pays for itself."

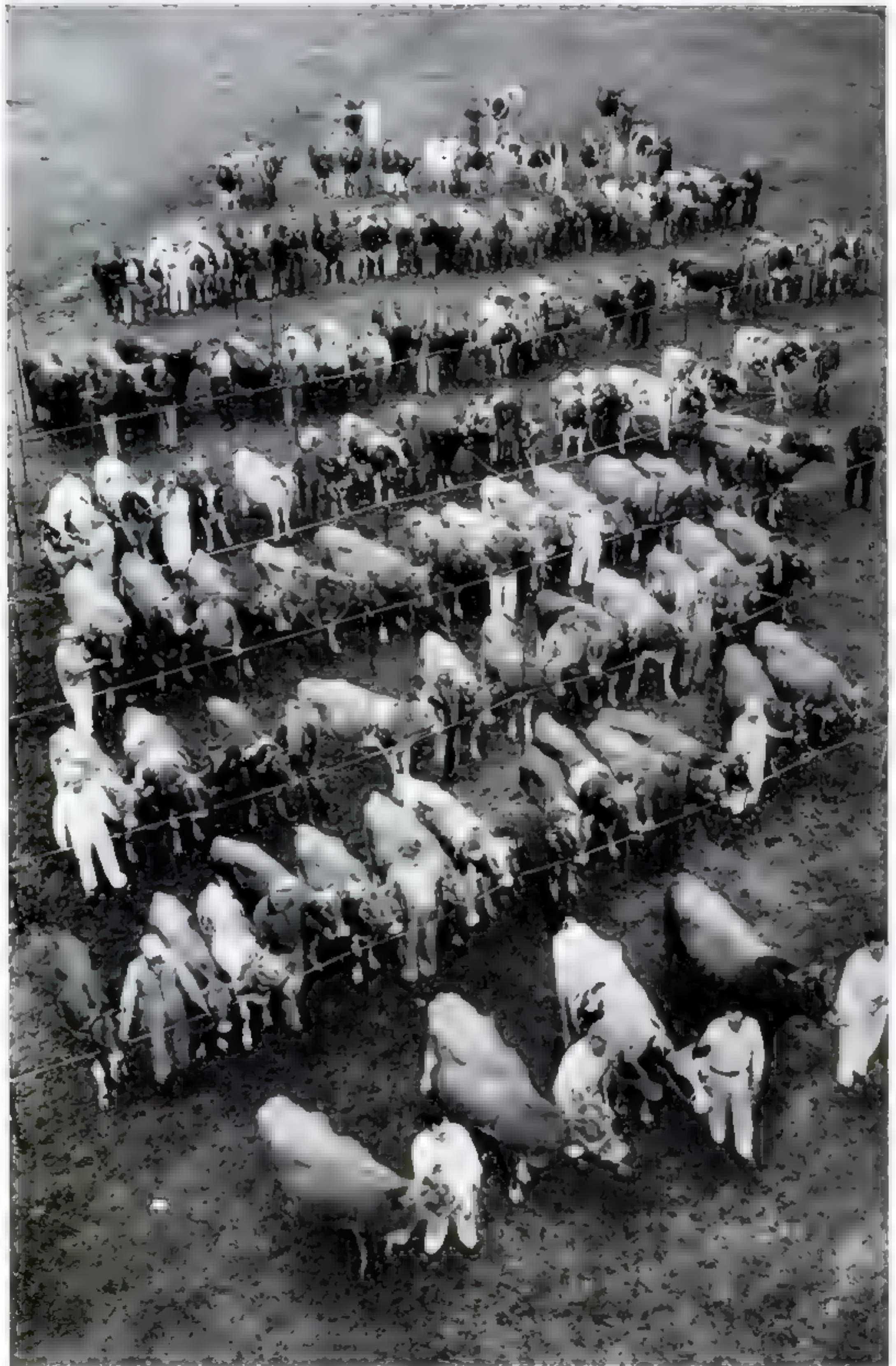


NEW ADDITIONS. week-old ducklings, some of 30,000 the farm raises yearly, begin their well-tended growth under the eye of Adolph Schnitz.



ADMONITIONS on proper cow-barn etiquette adorn the stall of Curtiss Candy Proud Sally, a Holstein that holds Illinois milk production record.

A FIELDFUL OF WINNERS



The 100 neatly arrayed animals shown above are the cream of Curtiss' five dairy breeds. This year they have already taken 28 individual and best-of-breed championships and 69 blue ribbons at the Illinois State Fair and are expected to do as well at other state fairs and at the top show, the Dairy Cattle Congress at Waterloo, Iowa. All these honors in competition pay off in business for the farm's artificial insemination service, which was started three years ago and has already become the largest of its kind in the country. Last year 150 top-notch Curtiss bulls were bred by test tube (top price: \$25) to 300,000 cows in all 48 states, Cuba, Japan and Chile, and the still-expanding "Im-Proved Stud" Service already produces over two thirds of the farm's income.

Antacid-Laxative

PHILLIPS'



MILK of MAGNESIA

FOR GENTLE-THOROUGH CONSTIPATION RELIEF



Temporary constipation is usually accompanied by acid indigestion—yet most laxatives act on irregularity alone. But Milk of Magnesia does more. It relieves both conditions... gives you more complete relief. So use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

BABETTE





WE'RE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL ON HAPPY FEET!

Protected by **Edwards**

Off they go... in handsome Edwards shoes... assured of highest marks in foot protection, comfort and long wear. Your nearby Edwards dealer has a smart selection of Fall styles, plus the skill to fit them expertly. See him soon.

WING TIP



Edwards

THE SHOE FOR CHILDREN

Edwards, 314-22 N. 12th St., Phila. 7, Pa.

HUDSON HORNET

Scores Sweeping Stock Car Successes Using Dependable

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

(1952 Record through July 13th)

26 VICTORIES IN 30 STARTS



Meet Mr. M. H. Toncray, Chief Engineer, HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.

"CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS have been standard equipment on Hudson Motor Cars for over twenty years. We know we can depend on Champions for top performance, economy of operation and long life, both on the highway and on the track."



HERB THOMAS, 1951 Stock Car Racing Champion, Nascar Grand National Circuit

"The Hudson Hornet and CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS have teamed up to make a winning combination in stock car racing. I know, for that's my team! I use stock Champions, the same as those sold by your Hudson dealer or service station."

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS
USE THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE
DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS



The record-breaking success of the Hudson Hornet in strictly stock car competition in 1952—as well as in 1951—is a tribute to the handling qualities, ruggedness, dependability and safety in-built in Hudson's step-down design.

Each car must be certified as strictly stock and identical with one you can purchase from your local dealer.

Here, as in racing of all types, Champion Spark Plugs are unchallenged for top performance and dependability. For not only have they been in the winning Hudsons, but in other victorious stock cars in many other events.

All of these cars, regardless of make or year, have used the standard type Champions recommended for that car. Here's solid proof that the Champions for your own car are tops in performance and dependability.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO 1, OHIO



MA, HE'S MAKIN' EYES AT ME!

In Grindelberg, a residential area in Hamburg, a 7½-foot, 700-pound monster suddenly appeared on the street, grunting in German as he thumped along. "I am Sabor, the only mechanical man in the world." Created by two Swiss engineers who give him commands by radio, Sabor uses the power from four batteries in

his legs to talk, walk, flash his eyes and smoke cigarets, jauntily blowing out the blue smoke through his aluminum nostrils. He can hear through microphones in his ears, the words being carried to a control box, and he talks through a loudspeaker in his chest. And Sabor has still another talent—he frightens babies.

There's Nothing Like Old Grand-Dad

If you are seeking perfection in bourbon, you should make the acquaintance of Old Grand-Dad soon. For here is one of Kentucky's finest bonds—a whiskey that has mellowed through its long maturing years in new charred white oak casks. A sip will tell you—there's just nothing quite so smooth, so rich, so heart-warming in flavor as Old Grand-Dad—the Head of the Bourbon Family.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky



OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

See why LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!



© A. T. Co.

PRODUCT OF

The American Tobacco Company

AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

How to prove to
yourself Luckies are
made better—to taste
cleaner, fresher, smoother

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure it's from a newly opened pack, and that you don't dig into the tobacco. Then gently lift out the tobacco.



Here's why Luckies taste cleaner: You can see that Luckies hold together without crumbling—without loose ends to get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Lucky Strike remains a perfect cylinder of clean tobacco—round, firm and fully packed.



Here's why Luckies taste fresher: Note how free Luckies are from air spaces—those "hot spots" that give you a harsh, stale taste. Luckies' long strands of fresh, good-tasting tobacco give you a fresh, smooth smoke.



Here's why Luckies taste smoother: L.S./M.F.T., Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. So, for a smoke that's cleaner, fresher, smoother, for tobacco that's truly mild, for a cigarette that tastes better... make your next carton Lucky Strike!

FOR A CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER SMOKE...

Be Happy-**GO LUCKY!**